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REVIEWS

A Sketch of Assam: with some Account of the Hill Tribes. By an Officer in the H.E.I.C.'s Bengal Native Infantry, in Civil Employ. Smith, Elder & Co.

So little is known of Assam, even in Bengal, that we gladly receive this slight and imperfect sketch as a valuable addition to our stock of information. Jungle fever is so fatal to Europeans in this remote district, that few are pleased when promoted to an appointment in one of the stations. The author of this volume was one of the few; and he proceeded to his destination with an alacrity more likely to be admired than imitated. The progress of his budgerow up the river was so slow that after two months of weariness he exchanged it for a canoe, hollowed from a single tree, but forty-eight feet in length and three in breadth. His journey now was more rapid, but hardly more interesting.

"The solitariness of my position, only enlivened by the song of eighteen merry paddlers, pulling from morning to night, at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day, against a rapid stream, was perhaps the worst part of the story. The scenery, if not positively devoid of picturesque beauty, wearied me from its monotonous character. Sand-banks, woods, and hills, unvaried by the residence of man, or the slightest token of civilization, constituted its leading features. Occasionally a boat might be encountered, but excepting from the rude salutation of the wild crew, the screaming of wild fowl, and the loud crash of falling banks, prostrating lofty trees into the bosom of the river, not a sound was heard to relieve the pervading solitude."

At length he reached Burpetah,—where he was to be stationed for eight months; and of this singular place he gives the following description.

"The population of Burpetah is estimated at about three thousand souls; their huts are built without any regularity on high artificial mounds of earth, in the centre of gardens of betel nut and plantain trees, clumps of bamboos, cane and grass jungle, mango and other large trees, under the shade of which, impervious to the sun, roads or channels intersect the town in every direction. In the rainy season, these channels, owing to the inundation of the country, are filled with water many feet in depth. Every house, consequently, is provided with one or more canoes, in which the inhabitants visit each other's isolated positions; and the cattle are brought upon the little eminences at night, and housed oftentimes under the same roof with the family, if not in the same room. Daily may the cattle be seen swimming across these street-streams in search of a dry spot of land on which to graze. In this manner, for four months of each year—June, July, August, and September—are the people surrounded by floods; but, as if endowed with amphibious natures, they seem equally happy in or out of the water, and pass their time on board their boats in trading with other villages throughout Assam."

But Burpetah is not subject to visitations of water only:—fire is an agent of great power in this strange land.

"In January, February, March, and April, the whole country adjoining Burpetah presents a spectacle seldom seen elsewhere: the natives set fire to the jungle to clear the land for cultivation, and to open the thoroughfares between the different villages, and the awful roar and rapidity with which the flames spread cannot be conceived. A space of many miles of grass jungle, twenty feet high, is cleared in a few hours; and the black ashes scattered over the face of the earth after such recent verdure, form one of the most gloomy and desolate landscapes that can well be imagined. But so rapid is vegetation in Assam, that a few days suffice to alter the scene: the jungle speedily shoots up with greater strength than ever, and at the approach of the heavy rains in June, it again attains a height of many feet. On more occasions than one, though mounted on an

elephant, I have had the greatest difficulty to outflank a fierce roaring fire, rapidly moving with the wind, in a long line over the country. The elephant, of all animals, is the most fearful of fire; and on hearing the approach of the element he instantly takes to flight; but the rapidity with which the flames spread renders escape most hazardous, especially if the wind is high and right off. The best plan to adopt if a fire breaks out to windward, is to circle round the nearest flank with all expedition, gaining the space burnt by the advancing flames. On foot, escape would be almost impossible; the jungle being impenetrable except by a narrow footpath, and this being frequently overgrown with grass, if no open spot be near at hand, inevitable destruction must be the fate of any unfortunate traveller to leeward of a fire."

Hunting buffaloes and wild elephants, deer-shooting and hog-shooting are here the principal sports; and they have at least the excitement of danger. The police reports, in a very limited district and for the short period of six months, include twenty cases of men killed by wild elephants and buffaloes. Great improvement may be expected from the extension of tea-plantations; but this is resisted by several of the tribes. Indeed, it appears to have been the cause of the insurrection of the Singphos in 1843.

"The real origin of the insurrection was the occupation of the Koojoo tea garden and other tea tracts. The constant desertion of the Doonah slaves and dependents, who are the people chiefly employed in cultivation under the Singphos, besides the advance of civilization consequent on the establishment of a considerable village at Jeypure with European residents, was the source of much heartburning. The occupation of Muttuck, formerly under native management, must also have proved distasteful to a savage people possessing a wild country and delighting in extensive hunting-grounds."

If our author is to be credited, the Assam Tea Company has displayed very little wisdom in the management of its affairs.

"The tea plant is indigenous in Muttuck, and the Assam Tea Company have cultivated many gardens, greatly to the benefit of Upper Assam; and if the company steadily prosecute the speculation, thousands of labourers will, in the course of time, resort thither for employment, and become permanent settlers. Tea, it is believed, may be grown in sufficient quantity to supply the English market, and afford a handsome remuneration to the speculators. An inconsiderate expenditure of capital placed the Assam Tea Company in great jeopardy, and at one time it was feared the scheme would be abandoned. The number of managers and assistants appointed by the Assam Company to carry on their affairs, and superintend their tea gardens on large salaries, was quite unnecessary: one or two experienced European superintendants to direct the native establishment would have answered every purpose. A vast number of Coolies (or labourers) were induced to proceed to Upper Assam, on high wages, to cultivate the gardens; but bad arrangements having been made to supply them with proper wholesome food, many were seized with sickness. On their arrival at the tea-plantations, in the midst of high and dense tree jungle, numbers absconded, and others met an untimely end. The rice served out to the Coolies from the Assam Tea Company's store rooms, was so bad as not to be fit to be given to elephants, much less to human beings. The loss of these labourers, who had been conveyed to Upper Assam at a great expense, deprived the company of the means of cultivating so great an extent of country as would otherwise have been ensured; for the scanty population of Upper Assam offered no means of replacing the deficiency of hands. Another importation of labourers seems desirable, to facilitate and accomplish an undertaking formed under most auspicious circumstances. Nor was the improvidence of the Company in respect to labourers the only instance of their mismanagement. Although the Company must have known that they had no real use or necessity for a steamer, a huge vessel was nevertheless purchased, and frequently sent up and down the Burrampooter river

from Calcutta; carrying little else than a few thousand rupees for the payment of their establishment in Upper Assam, which might have been transmitted through native bankers, and have saved the Company a most lavish and unprofitable expenditure of capital."

Gold-washing has become so unprofitable in Assam, that it has been almost wholly abandoned; but there are other valuable products, which a people less indolent and less addicted to smoking than the Assamese might turn to good account.

"In many parts of the province, coal of a good quality is found; and indeed the soil of Assam generally may be considered extremely rich: it abounds in valuable products, such as rice, sugar-cane, moonah silk, pepper, mustard-seed, and cotton. But the bounty of nature is marred by the indolence and apathy of man: the cultivator seldom looks beyond his immediate wants, and makes no attempt to improve his condition. In fact, in agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing industry, this country may be considered at least a century behind Bengal; and there seems little prospect of improvement, excepting by the introduction of a more active and industrious people, who might stimulate the natives to increased exertions."

The marriage customs of the Assamese have many curious points of similarity to those of the patriarchs described in the Pentateuch.

"Jacob served Laban as a servant or bondsman many years to obtain in marriage Leah and Rachel, who were sisters; and he was not allowed to marry the younger before the elder. So in Assam a man may marry two sisters, but he must not marry the elder before the younger. It is not uncommon, when a man is poverty stricken, to engage to live and work for several years for the father of the girl he wishes to marry. He is then called a Chapunna, a kind of bondsman, and is entitled to receive bhut kupper, food and clothing, but no wages; and at the expiration of the period of servitude, if the girl does not dislike him, the marriage takes place. The man is looked on in the family as a khamu damad (or son-in-law), and is treated kindly. If the girl's father be very wealthy, and he has no sons, he will sometimes select, from some equally respectable family, a husband for his daughter, and bring him up in his own house. The youth so selected is likewise called a Chapunna, and inherits the whole of his father-in-law's property. If a woman's husband dies, though she may be only eighteen or twenty years of age, she can never marry again."

So much attention has been recently paid to the growing of cotton in India, and the country of the Garrows has been so often pointed out as eligible for the purpose, that we must quote our author's view of its eligibility.

"An immense quantity of cotton is grown on their hills. This, until 1843, was subject to a tax paid by the purchaser to Government, at the market where the Garrows bring down their cotton for sale; but, owing to the mal-practices of the native collectors appointed to receive the customs, little profit accrued to Government after the expenses of the establishment had been paid. For the encouragement of trade and a freer intercourse with our people, the customs have lately been entirely abolished; but it is supposed that a plan for the assessment of the whole of the Garrow cultivation will, if possible, shortly be adopted. The climate of the Garrow hills, however, offers a serious obstacle to this measure; for, according to our present information, no European constitution could endure a lengthened residence amongst them; and without the constant presence of a British officer, armed with authority to arrange their affairs, neither the advancement of civilization, nor the realization of a revenue sufficient to defray the expense of retaining and settling the country, could be accomplished."

The Garrows, moreover, are a wild uncivilized race. A body of British troops would be necessary to protect the cultivators from their swords, spears and poisoned arrows; and their neighbours, the Cosseahs, are an athletic race—who but for discipline, would be more than a match for the Sepoys. Little interest attaches to the

history and traditions of these wild tribes—which our author has collected with creditable diligence. We should have been more pleased with some information on the natural history of the country—but it is only noticed incidentally in the volume.

Dramatic Poems—[*Dramatische Dichtungen*].
By Ludwig Uhland. Heidelberg; London,
Williams & Norgate.

We have owed many pleasant hours to the songs and ballads of Ludwig Uhland. Of German lyrics he is not the first, by many degrees. His poems are neither supremely eminent in vigour nor exciting from variety of tone. But there is nothing cold or forced in what he utters: the voice always flows kindly from the heart of the man. His emotions and thoughts—which range, indeed, over no very extended circle—exhaust themselves in legendary dreams, pleasant sympathies with various kinds of human feeling, or quiet, pensive reflection,—are shaped in his mind into living forms, and may be distinctly heard in genuine musical speech. It is in this property that Uhland's chief claim to regard will be found. There may be little that is highly original in his fancies, no great depth in his thoughts; the colour even of these is rather gracious than vivid:—still, within the sphere of things that he can imagine or describe, every object seems to have taken a certain possession of his whole faculties. It has clothed itself to his eye in a clear, harmonious form, and speaks through his lips in fluent, unaffected melody. This kind of song-bird—a playmate for the sunshine rather than a companion in graver seasons—has from early times been a favourite production of the soil from which Uhland sprang. The Swabian poet is a true descendant of those *Minnesingers* whose warblings, even to modern ears and in spite of their rude and half-forgotten language, still sound like the wood-notes of spring.

As the last of a great era in German literature, the name of Uhland also has a claim on many sympathies. The golden possession of poetry which began with Lessing may be said to close with Tieck and Uhland. The noblest figures in this line have earlier fallen out, one by one,—and long since been laid to sleep. These two must soon follow:—they have both ceased to sing for many years. The *Dramatic Poems*,—of which a new edition allows us to say a few words,—are by no means the latest, and are very far indeed from being the best, of Uhland's compositions. Had he not deserved for his lyrical pieces a praise which cannot be bestowed on his tragedies, it could hardly have been worth while to give even the briefest notice of the latter; which have not, we believe, been hitherto introduced in England. Nor can they afford to any critic much beyond a new confirmation of a fact often proved in the works of other poets,—how dead and spiritless an author, full of vivacity while speaking or singing in his own person, may become when he ventures to speak from behind the dramatic mask.

The two pieces which Uhland has written for the stage are both taken from early German history, and follow its records with the least possible deviation. The subject of the first is the result of the strife between the Emperor Conrad II. and Duke Ernst of Swabia, son of the Empress Gisela by a former marriage. The other—which we think far superior to the first both in fitness of subject and manner of treatment—exhibits the fortunes of another pair of imperial competitors—Louis the Bavarian and Frederic of Austria—from the unopposed choice of the former by the States to

the period of that strange agreement in which, after a contest of some years, the throne was jointly occupied by both. The author, while apparently intending to follow in the steps of Schiller, resembles him only in diffuseness of manner. That studious and profound development of human thoughts and motives which made the characters of the latter such impressive objects of philosophical study Uhland does not attempt. In his earliest drama especially, the personages appear to carry on the business of the tale with just such utterances—and no more than such—as are necessary to inform the spectator of what is going to take place, or to represent the most superficial effects suggested by the known incidents of the story. Another feature of these plays, particularly strange in the work of a Swabian poet, is the exclusion of any engaging female interest. In 'Ernst of Swabia,' the Empress Gisela only appears, at intervals, with some inconsiderable display of maternal feeling. The Duchess Isabella, the sole female character of the other drama, is somewhat more prominent; and the misfortunes of her husband Frederic give occasion for her appearance in one or two pathetic scenes. But in neither of the two plays does the love of woman—that grand resource of the tragedian who desires to move the softer emotions of his audience—exert the least influence on the events of the story or determine any single act of its chief personages:—and this circumstance, we must say, gives a repulsive dryness to the composition of both.

It may be supposed, however, that the author intended something beyond a mere exhibition by the actors themselves of the incidents of their history. The leading idea in 'Ernst of Swabia' appears to be the display of Old German fidelity—a favourite theme with poets of Uhland's class, who dwell rather with the past than in the present. Conrad, on his election as Emperor, claims the heirship of Burgundy; which his step-son, Ernst, disputes. The Duke flies to arms. Deserted by all his vassals save Werner of Kiburg, he is soon compelled to submit to the Emperor; and becomes his prisoner for some years. At Gisela's intercession, Conrad consents at last to release him, and restore his fiefs:—when the Duke appears to receive the Imperial pardon and renew his homage. The Emperor makes it a condition of the restoration to his lands that Ernst shall refuse all countenance to the rebellious Werner of Kiburg; who alone had opposed the Imperial will. To this abandonment of his only faithful vassal the Duke of Swabia will not consent: and is thereupon struck by the ban of the Empire, and excommunicated by the Church;—wandering, in company with his friend, an outlaw like himself, in the Black Forest. He collects at last a small force,—is assailed by the troops of the Emperor, and slain, together with his trusty retainer, in the first battle. Such is the bare outline of the first play—in which, it will be seen, there is no properly tragic element whatever. The fate of Ernst is apparent from the first moment; and nothing happens at any time to render the catastrophe doubtful, or even to bring it about by unexpected means. The subject is merely an historical incident exhibited in scenes. From one of the most animated of these a short extract may be given, as a specimen of Uhland's rhetoric.

The banished Werner of Kiburg presents himself before his kinsman Earl Mangold, who leads the Imperial forces against Ernst—attended by Warmann, Archbishop of Constance, another of the Kiburg family, who also has joined Conrad against the party of his natural lord, the Duke of Swabia. Werner has implored his cousin, Earl Mangold, to return to

what he points out as the path of honour, but is repulsed:—

Mangold. Befits it thee to warn and school me—*thou*,
The exiled outlaw, smitten by the ban,
Thee, shame and outcast of our house—?

Werner. Whose look
Thou dar'st not meet unshrinking, eye to eye!
Thy blood, on which I called, bears witness 'gainst thee,
And blushes shame in that unwilling cheek.
Obey its will:—let nobler impulses
Command thee all:—be worthy of our sires!
Yea, Mangold! if not yet the utter slave,
In soul and body both, to Ernst's foes,
If yet thy feet can honour's path retrace,
Return, and dare a manly step once more!
The fees that make thee vassal—fling them back!
The tinsel chain of office—cast it off!
This charge of base command, that slurs thy honour,
That blots thy name's nobility—renounce!
For Freedom's service is a charge austere:
It starts at gold, it bears no prince's favour,
Its wage is exile, hunger, hate, and death:
Yet is this service still the noblest service.
To this our fathers did their souls devote,
To this I, too, have pledged my very life;
Much hath it cost me—never rued me yet:—
To this, Earl Mangold, thee would I enlist:
Wilt thou not with me?

Warmann. Hold, audacious man!
Here wilt thou stir up treason:—Hope it not!
The troops thou seest encamped around are true
As is their chief, Earl Mangold, to our Kaiser.

Werner. These mercenaries' faith I deal not with:
E'en let them do as they are paid for doing:
Nor have I aught with thee:—a monk art thou;
And such, a dead branch fallen from our stock;
In thee I claim no right of kinship.
I speak to Mangold:—he, some future day,
May grow the founder of a fruitful race;
And well it may concern me that his loins
Beget no traitors, courtiers, hireling slaves!

The triumph of magnanimity we imagine to have been the presiding idea in 'Louis the Bavarian.' He is represented at the opening as reluctantly accepting the imperial crown; and afterwards appears as a generous enemy to his rival, Frederic the Fair of Austria,—whom he reluctantly imprisons after a victory that terminates for a time a long warfare between the partisans of the rival Kaisers. But Frederic, though captive, is not destitute of friends. His brother, Duke Leopold, indefatigably collects forces which again threaten the security of Louis: and obtains from Pope John XXII. a bull of excommunication and interdict against the Bavarian emperor and his adherents. Assailed at once by the terrors of the Church and by the arms of powerful rebels, Louis feels the throne trembling beneath him. At once he hastens to the prison of his rival:—to end the strife by removing its cause? No:—to offer him conditions of release. Frederic promises to appease, if he can, the sedition of his partisans, and the Pope's displeasure; and failing in this, to return to prison. In vain his brother Leopold, urging him to use the opportunity and grasp at the crown, defeats all Frederic's endeavours to perform the stated conditions of his freedom. Even the tears of a despairing wife cannot shake his resolution. Unable to fulfil the terms of his release, he returns to surrender himself to the Emperor. This act of self-sacrifice is not lost on the noble nature of Louis. He resolves to end the discords of Germany by ceding to his rival an equal share of the throne imperial in joint possession with himself. This singular arrangement, the main fact of which is related by history, concludes the piece. The poet was doubtless glad at so striking a point to stop short of the gloomy sequel of the reign of Louis the Bavarian.—The matter of this affords better dramatic interest than that of the other work. There is a certain suspense on the issue of Frederic's captivity: the figure of his generous wife Isabella, who weeps herself blind on being separated from him, affords a glimpse of tender pathos; and in the noble characters of Louis and Frederic, as well as of the minor personages, there are attempts at the distinct marking of individual traits. These, however, are too faintly diffused to be well shown in a short extract. We prefer one of merely romantic interest, from a night

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scene in Frederic's prison. The visitor is a certain student Albertus,—who makes dubious pretensions to skill in art-magic, and would apply what skill he has on this occasion to the rescue of the captive.

*Frederic (awakened by the rolling of a "spring thunder-storm," soliloquizing). While the snow
Lies peaceful still on every vale and height,
And while the ice chained up the river's waves
From murmuring and from flowing, then methought
I could in patience wear this prison life.*

*These storms, that herald spring, this low March-thunder,
Seirs all my blood; and youth in every vein
Beats strongly, and desire of action wakes—*

*[Thunder—Albertus appears in the window.
He! what a crash! The rattling casement opens;
What's yonder? Living man, or shadowy ghost?
Speak! who art thou?*

*Albert. Inquire not who I am.
Wouldst thou be freed, do promptly what I bid.
Be quick, and grasp my hand; this cloak I fling
Around thee,—through the air the storm will drive us.
Frederic. I know thee not.*

*Yet have we met ere this:
Come, Frederic, come! The midnight tempest roars;
The showers plash down; and dawn will deck the world
With spring, with blooming,—as a maid, surprised
By her first love, with sudden blushes glows.
Now, Frederic, is the time for fray and fight;
All knights are mounting now; come, Frederic, come!
Fred. I will not.*

*Faded is thy beauty's pride:
The spring now blossoms: thine shall bloom anew.
Fred. In vain thou tempt'st me.
Albert. Come! the spring's abroad;
Thy wife is longing-sick;—and her sweet eyes
Have wept themselves away;—yea, blind with tears
She sits, and weeps, benighted evermore,
And moans in darkness like a nightingale;
And dreams of kingly men—*

*Know'st thou of whom?
Albert. Yea! 'tis the spring—thy brother's wounds,
scarred o'er,
Begin to burn; the lance-head in his side
Sings awfully. Come! this cloak will bear thee off!
*(Noise outside the door.)**

*Fred. Now, God be thanked! It is the watch! Begone,
Or thou art lost!
Think'st thou that I can fear
These powerless creatures?—*(Enter Castellan and guard.)*
Hence! ye paltry things!
*[Thunder.]**

*With thunder, lo! I strike you to the earth!
Guards. Help! Holy Cross!
Castellan. Fly, to the chapel, fly!
*(Exeunt in terror.)**

*Albert. See'st thou, the slaves take flight!—But now thou
time
Grows pressing. Frederic, come. Thine enemies
Are near! the drawbridge falls, the castle-gate
Is horridly; hoo! are ringing;—save thyself!
Frederic! they come to slay thee!*

*Fred. Tempter, off!
Whether by magic aided, thou hast climbed
The ramparts, or mere rashness,—me thou lovest not!—
In open battle Louis made me yield,
And like a thief I will not creep away.—
The guard!—*(Enter Castellan with crosser and censers, &c.
Albert disappears.)**

In this scene may be felt a dash of that graceful wildness which delights the readers of Uhland's ballads in 'The Three Sisters' and others of his legendary lays. Such reminiscences, however, are but rarely suggested by the poetry of these dramatic pieces; which are, on the whole, remarkably bare of every ornament of style or image that might raise the subjects above the level of sober compositions. That this character is given by want of sentiment or fancy in the author his other poems sufficiently disprove. It may be ascribed to the timidity natural to one who ventures into a path where he is a stranger,—rather at the bidding of some foreign impulse than from the spontaneous choice of genius pointing that way. The mind of Uhland is evidently a reluctant guest—*multum peregrinavit animus ejus*—on the stage; and his dramas have little chance of being again acted—or, indeed, ever read hereafter—except by those who are inclined, as we have been, to take them up for the sake of the author's far higher merits in a less arduous walk of poetry.

The Progress of America. By John Macgregor, Esq., Secretary to the Board of Trade, &c. 2 vols. Whittaker.

Two volumes of about 1,500 pages each, exhibiting in the most condensed form a vast body of minute geographical, historical and statistical

information, make a book for reference not for review. It can hardly be said to add to the reputation which Mr. Macgregor has deservedly won as an economist and statistician; but it worthily sustains the fame of his Reports on the Commercial Tariffs of the two Americas, printed by order of the British Parliament and received as authorities by every civilized state.

It is impossible to glance at the progress of America without feeling impressed by the high destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race—and the contrast which they afford to the fate of the French and Spaniards in the New World. Europe may be said generally to exhibit two types of civilization—the Latin and the Teutonic;—for the Slavonic more properly belongs to Asia. In the New World the Latin type, represented by the Spaniards, conquered the natives by the sword; while the Teutonic, represented by the English, subdued nature itself by the industrial arts. The achievements of the former were the more brilliant—those of the latter, the more enduring. France, in which the two types are united, no longer holds sway on the American continent; and it is probably for want of such an intermediate that the Latin and Teutonic types have been brought into collision at their chief point of contact, the frontiers of Mexico.

Those who recollect the enthusiasm with which the recognition of the independence of the Spanish colonies by Mr. Canning was received in Germany, Holland, France and England, must be deeply mortified at the complete blighting of hopes in which the civilized world then generally indulged. The American revolutions were looked on as heralds of the regeneration of a chivalrous race whose history and traditions were alike records of wealth and glory. But it is a remarkable fact that in no portion of the world where the Spanish language is spoken is there either civil or religious freedom—confidence, or security in the government:—

"Chile forms in some respects an exception; but disturbance has been so frequent, that the world has not confidence in the security even of this state. Venezuela has been for some time in comparative tranquillity, but order and peace have been too often interrupted for us to consider that state as secure in its future prospects. All the Argentine states have long been, and are still, involved amidst the most barbarous civil war or anarchy. Paraguay may still be considered as a partial exception. The Peruvian states and New Granada have been long in anarchy or at war. The annals of Central America recapitulate only civil war, and massacre,—and, for some years, an uneducated man of aboriginal race, named Herara, has domineered in Guatemala. The condition of Mexico is hopeless. This will appear fully detailed in the fourth book of the first volume of this work. Ignorance,—the bigotry of the priesthood,—the tenacity with which the race speaking the Spanish language inherit all the vices and forget most of the virtues of their ancestors,—the retention, too generally in practice, of the vicious fiscal and commercial regulations of old Spain,—the absolute decrease or the scarcely perceptible increase of the population,—the want of enterprise,—the prevalence of indolence, and of slovenly agriculture,—the absence of commercial habits, are far more than sufficient to account for the powerless condition of the Spanish American republics. It is a deplorable fact, that the Spanish republics are in an infinitely less prosperous condition than the slave-holding colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico: not that we consider the peace of Cuba as likely to be permanent, for we believe, if the slave-trade is not effectually abolished, that Cuba is destined to share the fate of Hayti. The extraordinary power, wealth, and prosperity of Anglo-America are owing to far different causes; to a population which has increased in numbers with unexampled prosperity,—possessing abundant employment, and an untiring energy, industry and self-reliance, animated at all times by a sleepless

commercial and maritime spirit—with extraordinary intelligence, as to all matters concerning the active affairs of the world,—and a fearless perseverance in search of adventure, coupled with the passion for gain: all these are maintained by that feeling of independent action, which civil liberty and religious freedom inspire. Whatever may be the imperfections of humanity, and especially that of slavery in the southern states, which we may not approve of in the Anglo-Americans, the destiny of their progress will, in the western world, however they may hereafter be divided into governments, be indomitable in its advancement.

In developing the contrast thus sketched, Mr. Macgregor has clearly shown that the progress of commerce is identical with the progress of civilization, and that every restriction imposed upon trade is a step backwards towards barbarism. The Anglo-Saxon race has won its position of pre-eminence in the Old and New Worlds because it has been urged forward by the spirit of industry, invention, production, navigation and trade. The English and American branches of that race are united by community of language, of literature, of liberal institutions, of religious freedom, and of industrial perseverance. The disunion of these two branches, the disruption of such sacred ties, would throw back the civilization of mankind to a distance to be measured by centuries. Both races have reached the shores of the Pacific, and brought European civilization face to face with the presence of the older civilization of China and Japan. Another generation will not pass before the ports of California and Oregon will receive the commerce of the opposite extreme of Asia,—and render impossible the maintenance of exclusion by the Chinese and Japanese. Impressed by the magnitude of these prospects, we are glad to give currency to the concluding remarks of Mr. Macgregor. They are the sentiments of every enlightened Englishman—as we trust they soon will be of every intelligent American.—

"If there be one course of policy, more than another, which we would advocate—to which we would devote our labours, in order to aid in obtaining the only certain guarantee of peace and of friendship, between two great nations, who, in language and race are one people,—that course of policy is to establish the least possible restrictions on the interchange of the commodities of the one country in the other—upon the arrival at, remaining in, and departure from, of the ships and citizens of America, in every British port and place in the universe—of British ships, and subjects, in every port, and place, within the American regions. If ever the history of the world presented two states in a position, and condition, to do each other the utmost possible good, or the greatest possible evil—such are the actual positions, and actual conditions of the United Kingdom and the United States. These constitute subjects of serious consideration for the governments and for the people of both England and America. Awful, indeed, would be the consequence, if those wild or foolish politicians, who from ignorance, vanity, ambition or with more dangerous and unprincipled designs, would involve the British and American powers in the certain calamities of war, by misguiding the people, and the governments, of both countries. Civilization in America, and in Europe, would, for the time, be paralysed; and, not only the present generation, but succeeding generations, would suffer, grievously, by an interruption of peace, and intercourse, between the members of a great family: who, though divided as to their governments, are, nevertheless, in spite of their respective prejudices, bound together as one people: by the inseparable union of speaking the same language; of being educated in schools in which the same lessons are taught,—and trained at firesides, where the mothers instil into their children the same virtues; by reading the same literature; by studying similar laws,—professing, generally the same religion; by cherishing the same domestic associations; practising, from hereditary and common usage, the same manners; by having, until a very late period, a common history: in short, by

inheriting their vices and virtues, and their folly and wisdom in common. It has been the long and serious contemplation of these grave circumstances, which has at all times—while in America, and while in Europe—urged, and does, and will, hereafter, urge us to advocate and promote every measure, which materially, morally and honourably, can strengthen the ties that will bind and maintain, in peaceful harmony, the whole British Empire and the United States of America."

Mr. Macgregor's work is a great summary of such facts as enforce the above argument.

History of the Girondins.—[*Histoire des Girondins, &c.*] By M. A. de Lamartine. Vols. IV. and V. Paris, Furne.

As M. de Lamartine's work progresses, it increases in interest. The fourth and fifth volumes are among the most remarkable of the series. They relate to those great events which fixed upon France the attention of all Europe and brought the Revolution to a crisis. The proclamation of the Republic, the trial of Louis the Sixteenth, and above all the last and irreconcilable struggle between the Girondins and the Montagnards are among their most interesting incidents. Although these subjects are well nigh exhausted, M. de Lamartine has with great art contrived to give them a new aspect by revealing slight circumstances hitherto unknown—and still more by investing them with the magic of his eloquent style. A very remarkable feature of these volumes consists in the singular and almost exaggerated impartiality which the author continues to exhibit with regard to the numerous and varied characters which it is his task to portray. Impartiality is one of the most precious qualities with which an historian can be gifted; but carried to a certain extent, it necessarily precludes sympathy with any individual party and characters—and thus becomes monotonous to the artistic sense. It is a characteristic of the human mind that even in perusing historical narratives it seeks rather for the record of opinions than for that of facts. Who has not often forgotten the history for the historian? M. de Lamartine himself supplies a striking illustration of this assertion. Although no work on the Girondins worthy of notice had appeared before his, the eager curiosity with which his history was perused on its first appearance did not spring so much from the interest which the public felt in the Girondins as from their wish to know what the author thought of them and of the great events in which they took a leading part. M. de Lamartine—who was doubtless aware of this—might have flattered the public feeling by guiding himself according to the general expectation; but, besides the natural independence which belongs to his poetical character, he had higher motives of action. His work is not written for present times alone. It is a legacy which the historian desires to bequeath to posterity—and in which he would appear, not as the echo of the prejudices and opinions of his contemporaries, but as the faithful and impartial recorder of the past.

A curious instance of this disregard for the modern public is furnished by the manner in which the author dwells on the early career of the Duc de Chartres—now Louis-Philippe. Had the French monarch perished on the battle-field of Valmy or Jemappes, where his youthful valour was so conspicuously displayed, M. de Lamartine could not have described his character, education, habits and personal appearance with more minuteness and *sang froid* than he has here done. That the circumstances which he narrates are generally known seems of little importance to him:—the present

generation may find them superfluous, but others are to succeed by whom his communications will be better appreciated. If it survives—as doubtless it will—the work of M. de Lamartine will be singularly free from the general defect found in those of historians contemporary, or nearly so, with the events which they relate. The great disadvantage of such works is, that their authors, writing only for present readers, dwell slightly on, or merely allude to, events and individuals at the moment known to all. It was judicious in M. de Lamartine to avoid this fault:—while the interest which he communicates to his relation of the most trivial occurrences leaves little room for his modern reader to complain. An extract will best give an idea of the entire and truly historical freedom with which he handles such delicate questions. Speaking of the young Duke of Chartres, then, he observes:—

Under the exterior of a soldier of the people, it might yet be read in his glance that he had not forgotten his rank of Prince of the blood royal. He yielded to all the accidents of the Revolution with the facility of a master spirit. It might almost have seemed that he knew even then how those who oppose great events perish—while revolutions, like the waves of the sea, often bring back yielding men to the same spot from whence they had floated them. All his policy consisted in doing well whatever the present circumstances pointed out as his task:—for the rest he trusted to the future and to his birth. Machiavel could not have counselled him better than did Nature. * * He was born to disappear during the great convulsions of his country—outlive its crises—overthrow parties already wearied by the struggle—and fulfil and weaken revolutions. With all his bravery and all his enthusiasm for his country, many trembled to see him, in perspective, seated on a throne rising by means, and on the ruins, of a Republic. This warning sentiment, which precedes high destinies and great names, seemed to announce to the army that of all the men of the Revolution this one would probably be the most serviceable or the most fatal to freedom.

With his wonted policy, the republican general Dumouriez—whose recent victories had rendered him in one sense the most popular man of the day—resolved to attach himself to the young prince. Though Danton did not think it worth his while to follow the same course, his political sagacity, nevertheless, foresaw the future greatness of the man whom he then affected to patronize; and he observed to him one day:—"France loves not the Republic: she has all the habits, weaknesses, and wants of a monarchy. When this storm shall be blown over, she will be brought back by her vices, or by necessity, to her former condition. You will be king! Farewell, young man! Remember Danton's prediction!"

The proclamation of the Republic, which followed soon after the deposition of the King and the massacres of September, was welcomed with the most enthusiastic applause by both Girondins and Montagnards. The long-cherished dream of the former was now realized. On the evening of that day which was the proudest they had yet known, they met at Madame Roland's house, and there rapturously hailed the birth of the young Republic. Never perhaps had the men who in a few months were to perish on the scaffold been more eloquent or enthusiastic. When supper was over, Vergniaud rose, and, filling his glass with wine, proposed to drink to the eternity of the Republic. Before he drank, Madame Roland scattered rose-leaves from her nosegay over the wine, according to the custom of the ancients. When the beverage was quaffed, Vergniaud, laying down the glass, turned towards Barbaroux, and said in a low voice,—

"Branches of the cypress-tree, Barbaroux, not roses, should have been scattered on our wine to-night.

Who knows if in drinking to a Republic whose cradle is steeped in the blood of September, we be not drinking to our own death! Nevertheless," added he, "and if this wine were my blood, I would still quaff it to equality and freedom!"—"Vive la République!" cried the guests. This sinister image saddened, but could not discourage, their souls. They were ready to accept all things from the Revolution—even death!

And no sooner was the Republic proclaimed than the struggle of the Girondins with their antagonists began anew. The former—who yet relied on the acknowledged superiority and eloquence of Vergniaud—now saw, what they had overlooked during the late turmoil, that two rivals, unworthy to compete with him in point of genius or patriotism, but far more powerful and popular, had assumed a prominent station on the scene of action, and partly replaced Danton—whose popularity was already on the wane. These were Marat and Robespierre: men widely different in their views and manner of acting, but both almost equally fatal to the Gironde. Marat was, literally speaking, the man of the faubourgs. He had systematically adopted all the passions and prejudices of the populace—yet therein he was sincere. His was not merely assumption. He firmly believed that the rich and noble were the born enemies of the people, and that peace or happiness were not for the latter till the former should have perished. His theory had been such from the beginning of the Revolution; for Marat was singular in this—that he was at once what others only became by degrees. The history of those eventful times is full of proofs that men of weak and vacillating characters, like Barère, for instance—of whom Madame Roland said, that though he was not naturally evil, there was yet no crime which fear would not lead him to commit—who began the Revolution with no settled purpose, were gradually induced by personal circumstances or apprehensions to share in its excesses and enormities. With all his boldness and audacity, Danton was of these; and did things the thought of which would once have made him shudder and were afterwards unceasingly repented. But Marat was the subject neither of events nor of popular feeling. Haunted on a system which, once adopted, no change of circumstances induced him to alter. The real foes of the State and the nation were, ever, to him, those who had houses, carriages, horses and servants—and, above all, they whose small white hands bore no trace of toil. These he denounced to the popular vengeance and the speedy justice of the lantern. As if to enforce by example the principles of his teaching, Marat appeared only in the dress of an artisan; and in all respects assumed the manners and language of the populace—thus heightening the effect of his natural hideousness. His influence over this class was unbounded; and as they were ready to obey any order which he chose to give, he gradually grew as dangerous as he was hateful to the great body of the nation. In the National Convention he was detested by all parties alike. But neither hatred nor contempt could turn him from the task which he had imposed upon himself. At the outset of the Revolution he openly demanded the heads of two hundred thousand victims; and in the last days of his career, ere he fell under the knife of Charlotte Corday, he still lamented that his demand had not been fully answered.

Such was Marat—whose importance M. de Lamartine seems to have somewhat overrated. As a politician, his most original idea was that of wholesale murder. This was the sole doctrine which he thought it worth his while to preach. Though his talents were of the lowest order, his vanity was preposterous; and the best epithet to which his asserted sincerity entitles him is

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that of "sanguinary madman"—by which he was generally known. Robespierre was of a different stamp; and this the Girondins—who, knowing Vergniaud's superior genius, had too long despised him—now saw with growing alarm. It was after the massacre of September that Robespierre's popularity, like Marat's, began to assume large proportions. Marat, as one of the instigators of the massacres, was popular chiefly with those who had taken a share in them. To this sinister influence Danton had at least an equal claim; but the great number of the murderers, who already suspected his remorse, instinctively mistrusted him. Robespierre's increase of popularity sprang from a different cause. He had taken no part in the massacres—had even studiously avoided mixing with the men who authorized them. His moderation in this respect, his known poverty, and the republican severity of his manners conciliated the middle classes—ever prone to look with a jealous eye on the riches or luxury of their representatives.

In drawing the extraordinary and contradictory character of this man, M. de Lamartine has manifestly taken great pains. His persevering energy, that overcame the obstacles at once of mediocrity of talent, manner of speech and personal appearance—the unbending will which he displayed on all occasions—his earnestness and conviction in the greatness of his mission—are all traced by a masterly hand, and probably with more of truth and fidelity than by any other historian. But in considering Robespierre's ambition as subordinate to his conviction, we doubt if M. de Lamartine has not given to the character a more enthusiastic cast than is consistent with truth. Robespierre was profoundly egotistic—though his selfishness was perhaps not of that nature which prevents a man from behaving kindly to those about him. He could even be generous and disinterested—but that was owing to his ambition, which led him to despise what others are most apt to value. He may indeed, as is asserted, have acted in strict accordance with the laws of abstract morality and worldly honour; but no really noble or generous impulse ever redeemed the calculating coldness of his heart. Though choosing Rousseau for his model, he could no more imbibe the passion and enthusiasm of that writer's philosophy than, with many efforts, the glow and richness of his style. Like all who, instead of relying on inward inspiration, seek to ape a model, he remained formal and pedantic. His real power lay in the indomitable strength of his will. There seems little reason to doubt his sincerity. He was systematically, not naturally, cruel; and it is even probable that, while following his own views, he persuaded himself that he was acting for his country's good. His pride, austerity, and strong assertion of righteousness gave him no small claim to the title of Pharisee of the Revolution—and we wonder it has not been applied to him. Of his retired mode of life in the house of the carpenter Duplay, to whose eldest daughter he was betrothed, M. de Lamartine gives the following interesting account.—

This family—whom Robespierre had induced to adopt his opinions without changing anything in their simple mode of life or even in their devotional observances—consisted of the father, the mother, a son who was yet a youth, and four daughters; of whom the eldest was twenty-five years of age and the youngest eighteen. The father, who worked at his trade all day, occasionally went in the evening to the Jacobins to hear Robespierre. He came home filled with admiration for the orator of the people and hatred for the enemies of this young and disinterested patriot. Madame Duplay shared in her husband's enthusiasm. The esteem which she felt for Robespierre made her find both pleasant

and honourable the little domestic services that she rendered him as though she had been less his hostess than his mother. These services and this devotedness Robespierre repaid by a sincere affection. All the feelings of his heart were reserved for this humble dwelling. * * Eleonore Duplay, his host's eldest daughter, had inspired him with a more serious and tender affection than her sisters. * * He had asked the young girl in marriage of her parents,—and she was betrothed to him. His narrow means and the uncertainty of the morrow prevented him from uniting their fates till the destiny of France should be fixed; but his sole wish, he said, was, as soon as the Revolution should be concluded to retire from the struggle, marry her whom he loved, and live in Artois on one of the farms which he had preserved out of his family property.

Was this the real heart of Robespierre? Did he who struggled so long and perseveringly for power contemplate resigning it as soon as it should be within his grasp? This is a doubt which M. de Lamartine, who relates the fact without comment, leaves unanswered—but to which few historians, we believe, would venture to give an affirmative reply. The subsequent career of Robespierre shows that he deceived alike his betrothed and her parents—though it is not improbable that he also deceived himself.

The life of the member for Arras was passed in the greatest retirement and privacy. His evenings were occasionally spent with the family of the Duplays; where he sometimes met a few members of his party. "There," observes M. de Lamartine, "the conversation turned on the Revolution. At other times, after a short chat and a little pleasantry with the young girls, Robespierre—who was anxious to improve the mind of his betrothed—read aloud, mostly from the tragedies of Racine. * * Two or three times a year he took Madame Duplay and her daughters to the play—always to the French Theatre and classical dramas. * * Sometimes, on a Sunday, the family left Paris with Robespierre; and the democrat, once more a man, wandered with the mother, brother, and sisters of Eleonore in the woods of Versailles and Issy."

Such was the man whom the Girondins now resolved to overwhelm with all the might of their eloquence. Marat had long been recommending the dictatorial form of government; and though no understanding existed between him and Robespierre, it was suspected that the latter aimed at being Dictator. This suspicion the Girondins—who feared his growing popularity and the persevering energy of his will—encouraged and increased. Such was the pretence rather than real cause of their attacks upon him. Before commencing, they endeavoured to secure the aid of Danton and Dumouriez—now very friendly together, but almost entirely estranged from their party. Dumouriez, who earnestly desired a reconciliation, and foresaw that without it the Jacobins would soon be masters of France, invited his friend and the chiefs of the Girondins to meet at his house. Several of the latter—Vergniaud among the rest—agreed to bury in oblivion the crimes and excesses attributed to their antagonist; but Barbaroux, Buzot, Guadet, and others sternly refused to hear of compromise with murderers, and spoke of exacting terrible retribution for the massacres of September. "We will have a pure republic, or die,"—exclaimed Guadet.—"Guadet," said Danton, in a prophetic tone, "you know not how to forgive. You will be the victim of your own obstinacy. Let us go where we are carried by the waves of the Revolution. Had we been united, we might have ruled it: as things are, we must be ruled by it." The opinion which this interview, though it failed in its object, led Dumouriez to form of the Girondins, showed his penetration. "They

are Romans—out of their country!" said he to Westerman, his confidant. "The republic as they would have it is the mere romance of a clever woman. They will allow themselves to be intoxicated by fine words, while the people are growing intoxicated with blood." Madame Roland herself laboured for a reconciliation: but, though many strong sympathies existed between the Girondins and the republican general and Danton, the causes of dissent were of a nature which the former would not, or could not, forget. The parties separated once more—neither as friends nor as enemies, but for ever.

The attack upon Robespierre, which had been delayed for some time, was now imprudently hastened. That attack, which helped on the ruin of the Gironde, was Louvet's first and greatest triumph as an orator. Had there existed the shadow of proof for the accusation that Robespierre aspired to sovereign power, he must have been overwhelmed by Louvet's eloquent and memorable speech; but his ambition, though of the most soaring and energetic character, was as yet a secret to the many. His enemies, made clear-sighted by their animosity, had detected his real feelings through his affected humility; but proof was wanting. The very gravity of the accusation increased his triumph. For himself, Robespierre secretly exulted at the charge. He knew well that the man who had been thought capable of aspiring to the dictatorial rule of France could no more be undervalued. This was the great mistake of the Girondins. From that day Robespierre's popularity continued to augment. Danton's, as we have shown, was declining—Marat's existed only amongst the lower populace—Dumouriez's was but that of a military man. The day of the Girondins had long been gone. This Robespierre saw; and, in the full consciousness of his strength, began that deadly struggle against the latter in which he showed himself the bitter and relentless foe of men who, so long his friends, had found out the hidden ambition of his character—and strengthened his means of destruction by seeking to compass his ruin.

The Constitution of the Church of the Future.

By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen, D.Ph. D.C.L. Translated from the German, under the Superintendence of, and with Additions by, the Author. Longman & Co.

THE occasion, object, and authorship of this work combine to give it importance. The opposites in the cause are men strong both in argument and influence,—being personages of no less mark than the Prussian Ambassador to England and the Right Honourable William Gladstone. Abeken's work on 'The Protestant Bishopric in Jerusalem' occasioned a correspondence between these eminent statesmen on the subject of episcopacy. Mr. Gladstone's notions on the point are so well known as not to require specific statement:—the Chevalier's opinions have been open to misconception. He complains that different representations and expositions of his views have been given in different journals: and seeks to set himself right in the present volume—which he terms 'A Practical Explanation of the Correspondence with the Right Honourable William Gladstone, on the German Church, Episcopacy, and Jerusalem; with a Preface, Notes, and the complete Correspondence.'

Into such a controversy the *Athenæum* will not, of course, be expected to enter. We can do no more than state historically the points in debate. That the discussion must be of a speculative character is plain from the title of the work. The writer professes not to deal with the Church of the Past or of the Present, but

with that "of the Future." His principles are intensely Lutheran in their statement. He holds by the dogma of "the universal priesthood of Christians"—and connects it with "the moral responsibility of the individual." He considers that the Reformation put a virtual though not an actual end to what he terms "the Clergy Church;" but that while it "rendered the restoration of the true priesthood once more possible," it "did not realize it." In treating the argument, the Chevalier manifests some ingenuity and some peculiarity—the latter of a very national character. The authority of Kant and Hegel is, with him, at least as great as, if not greater than, that of Luther and Calvin. He makes use of the 'Antinomies' of the former to illustrate the necessary antagonisms of the universal priesthood and the special ministry—of spiritual and secular government—of nationality and catholicity—of church and state. From this statement the reader will perceive that his work deals more with the philosophical than the theological phase of the question at issue.

It has been conceded that, in point of historical fact, the Clergy Church survived the Reformation. It survived it, even in the Protestant form;—its final cessation, the Chevalier conceives, is reserved for the Church of the Future. All clergy churches, according to him, are even in their Protestant form exposed to the dangers of priestcraft and essentially untenable. Unfortunately, however, the systems which have grown up in opposition to the episcopal ordonnance have been one-sided; assuming some objectionable shape of secular dictatorship or Independency. On the other hand, in the Episcopal Church of America, we have, he tells us, only "the inorganic juxtaposition of the antithetical principles." The complete restoration of an evangelical church polity becomes, therefore, expedient; and in order thereto, it is necessary that we come to a right understanding of the appertaining principles.

These principles the Chevalier considers chiefly in their relation to the Church in Prussia; and examines its parochial system elaborately and minutely for the existing elements of a reformed ecclesiastical constitution. He dwells much on the importance of the Diaconate and that of the corporation of schoolmasters. The former he regards as indeed the proper element of the Church of the Future. In one passage, remarkable for its eloquence, but to which we can only allude on account of its length, he insists that the great men of the sixteenth century were all of one mind on such points. No one defended the rights of the congregation more deeply and eloquently than Jewell and Hooker. "In order that this truth might be darkened, and the contrary be gradually established, it was necessary that the two next generations after the Reformation should sink under bloodshed, amidst the persecution and oppression of enemies and the miserable disputes of the theologians—yea, to disguise it, that dismal seventeenth century was necessary which buried the sixteenth, and has had its own gravestone raised as a memorial of its shame by the eighteenth century." In treating this part of his argument, the Chevalier bears worthy testimony to the character, talents and exertions of Dr. Arnold.

Let the principles implied in these few hasty remarks be carried out, and a union of Protestant churches extending beyond the boundaries of States may, the Chevalier concludes, be possible.

"Prejudice and distrust stand even now much more in the way of the realization of this hope than actual difficulties. Only let us banish from the very

bottom of our hearts the baneful delusion of the Church of the middle and earlier ages, when the clergy met in order to receive the law from the majority of this exclusive council, or from the emperor, or the pope, and then imposed it upon the congregations and the nations. Let us conceive it possible for the free and congregational Church which represents a great and Christian nation to admit at their assemblies and deliberations the presence of the approved members of another great national Church, of the bishops, clergy, or laity who appear in her name; let us suppose the latter present as a Christian public, not to give their votes or counsel, nor out of mere curiosity, but in order to gain a Christian judgment for themselves and their people, as well as for those whom they visit. Would not that hatred and those prejudices which, propagated by the pen of malice, do more to separate the nations of the present day than the lack of all the means of national intercourse did to keep the people of the middle ages apart,—would not all these barriers of Satan sink back into that hell from which they have risen? Would not man recognize his fellow-men, and brother fall into the arms of brother in the presence of deeds of love full of divine life and beaming with the divine image? Would not thus the seeds of genuine Christian unity, instead of theological dissensions, be sown amongst the nations of the earth? 'But you are getting bewildered in your dreams,' I hear some exclaim. Let us then behold, and set distinctly before our minds that which already exists, and that freely, in Germany, in Switzerland, in France, and in England. Has not such a brotherly feeling manifested itself quite spontaneously in all these countries at the great anniversary meetings of the Missionary and Bible Societies? Do not there flow into these festivals from all sides streams of men, outwardly strangers, drawn together by nothing but the irresistible magnet of brotherly love, arising from the consciousness of their common redemption?"

With this extract we must close. Our readers will know enough from the above of the spirit and design of the publication before us. Within the outline which we have indicated are discussed numerous topics—particularly concerning the nature of the episcopate and the relation of the theological faculties to Church and State; but these would lead us into wide and vexed questions, requiring large space for even a superficial discussion—were they such as the *Athenæum* could permit itself to meddle with at all.

Provincial Literature, Traditions, and Legends of France—[*La Mosaïque de l'Ouest, dirigée, &c.*] By M. Emile Souvestre. Blois, Jahyer; London, How.

THIS periodical, which has now reached its second year, is designed to illustrate the past and present condition of the West and Centre of France, including Normandy, Brittany, and the departments of ancient Aquitaine. It is this which has chiefly recommended it to our notice; for the country so illustrated was once the proud inheritance of our Plantagenets, and contains localities associated with the achievements of our Henrys and our Edwards. From such a miscellaneous publication, it is of course impossible to follow any order of selection. We shall, therefore, take as they come such anecdotes and descriptions as combine interest, amusement and instruction,—though the abundance of these combinations in the 'Mosaic of the West' creates no little embarrassment in the exercise of choice.

Let us commence with some account of a poet little known to English readers, Basselin, the Bacchanalian bard of the sixteenth century. Some of our readers are probably acquainted with the Vaux de Vire—two valleys in the Calvados Hills formed by the rivers Vire and Virene; the streams of which are so rapid in their upper course, that from time immemorial they have been used as motive powers for mills of various descriptions,—but particularly fulling-

mills connected with the cloth manufacture of the adjacent district. The rivers unite at the bridge of Vaux; below which they flow slowly and sluggishly, as a local proverb declares, "to illustrate the excitement of courtship terminating in the tranquillity of marriage." A little above the bridge stands a fulling-mill, which still bears the name of Oliver Basselin, by whom it was tenanted about the year 1540. Our readers are aware that in the first half of the sixteenth century, the wars of France and England and the disputed claims of the houses of Valois and Plantagenet kept Normandy in constant excitement and confusion. There was, however, one man in the province who cared nothing for kings or battles; but drank and sang as merrily and as carelessly as if the land enjoyed the peace of Paradise. One of his earliest songs defends his choice of wine in preference to war, and contains his only allusion to the contest that was raging around him:—

The clang that I love is of bottle and glass,
And the gurgling of wines as through strainers they pass;
For these are the cannon whose aim cannot fail,
And Thirst is the fortress I choose to assail.

It is better that wine than that blood should be shed,
That liquors, not swords, should be splitting the head;
Don't tell me your stories of glory and fame,
When my body is lost I've no need of my name.

A helmet looks well on the head, I suppose,
But a wine-glass looks better oblique to the nose;
And if there be need of pike, pennon, or crest,
A bush o'er a wine-shop may vie with the best.

I had rather drink cider—though that would be hard—
Than be doom'd as a sentry at night to mount guard;
I had rather be thrust from the grape down to malt,
Than march with a captain some breach to assault.

Several of Basselin's phrases have become proverbial in Normandy. Thus, wine is called "the red elixir of Orleans;" a toper, "one thirsty from birth;" an empty bottle, "a page out of livery;" and drinking, "the art of nose-painting." The last phrase was a favourite with Basselin; and he has developed it more fully in a song:—

With my back to the fire and my face to the table,
I'll stick to the bottle so long as I'm able,
As becomes a true cock of the game.
Water-drinkers, like chickens, may die of the pip;
I'll drink till my cheeks have the hue of my lip,
And my nose has the colour of flame.

His nose and its rubies were highly prized by Basselin. He has celebrated this feature in several of his songs. One may serve as a specimen:—

Good luck to my nose and its rubies so bright!
Many hogsheds of wine have been shed,
The best of the country, both claret and white,
To dye it with purple and red.

Good luck to my nose! as it looms through my glass
More splendid 'tis sure to appear.
Quite unlike the nose of the ignorant ass
Who's contented to live on small beer.

Good luck to my nose! for a feature so fine
The peacock alone can display;
Even princes may envy a nose such as mine,
For its painting took many a day.

My glass was the brush which as artist I sway'd,
My paints were my bottles of wine;
And if better liquor on earth could be made,
My nose had been surely divine.

They say that my eyes are the worse for my drink,
But here goes for another carouse!
'Tis better to injure two windows, I think,
Than to ruin the whole of the house.

Wine, however, proved in the end fatal to Basselin. His wife deserted him, his more sober neighbours refused to countenance his dissipation, and his creditors compelled him to sell the fulling-mill on which he depended for subsistence. One of his last songs was a characteristic threat of vengeance on his liquid enemy:—

Disloyal wine, you've ruin'd me quite,
Your friendship's false and hollow;
Revenge has now become my right,
And so my foe I'll swallow.

Basselin was killed, on the 15th of February 1550, by a party of English fugitives. His songs were collected in 1610, and edited by Lehoux, one of his countrymen, under the title

of 'Vaux de Vire', some information. born a Jewit,— justify a asserts that of Basselin. Louis I. publicat song set called "origi. The Le trate that at the s In this caverns armed d with the without historical hammed refuge a great vi and it is descripti served a In many point of assert w for an un where the festivals. revolt ag the Mon Henry I suppress with me whose ne were ac burning their na quarters asking p proved by tortu the tocsi into the protest a The F of the D the Arm trenchi the Abb the Revoc stroyed Greenwich called, sh document in Villen strange a phery of the hand unknown him into tyrant, w with the typified larity of illustrate I saw the bo foot His throat white The is surro I saw the ho trem This is as wh on he

of 'Vaux de Vire,' from the place of their composition. It was said that the editor introduced some inferior verses of his own into the composition. "Lehoux," says a later editor, "was born a Norman, lived a lawyer, and died a Jesuit,—three circumstances quite sufficient to justify any suspicion of fraud." Duchesne asserts that Vaudeville is a corruption of the title of Basselin's songs, 'Vaux de Vire'; but M. Louis Dubois has shown, that long before the publication of Lehoux's edition, any satirical song set to a well-known air was popularly called 'Voix de Ville,'—a much more probable origin.

The legends of Angoumois curiously illustrate the tendency of tradition to preserve, and at the same time distort, the facts of history. In this rocky district, the peasants point out caverns and defiles as the favourite haunts of armed demons, who force passengers to engage with them in mortal combat, and slay them without mercy. But these stories guide the historical inquirer to the spots where the Mohammedan followers of Abd-er-rahman found refuge after Christendom had been saved by the great victory of Charles Martel at Poitiers; and it is curious to find that tradition in its description of the demons has faithfully preserved all the particulars of Saracenic costume. In many communes of this district, the peasants point out churches the bells of which they assert were broken at some distant time, and for an unknown cause, and flung into the rivers, where they are heard to toll on all the great festivals. This is a recollection of the fierce revolt against the salt-tax, in 1518, when Tristan de Monteins, the king's lieutenant, was slain. Henry II. sent the constable, Montmorency, to suppress and punish the revolt; which he did with merciless severity. The magistrates, to whose negligence the successes of the insurgents were ascribed, could obtain pardon only by exhuming the body of Tristan de Monteins with their nails, bearing it on their shoulders to the quarters of the Constable, and in his presence asking pardon of the dead on their knees. All proved to have taken arms were put to death by torture; and every bell which had sounded the tocsin was ordered to be broken and cast into the river. The legend is thus a perpetual protest against the impiety of the Constable.

The Breton traditions go back to the days of the Druids, and preserve some fragments of the Armorican bards of the fifth and sixth centuries. The songs of one of these bards, Gwenchlan, were collected and preserved in the Abbey of Landevennek; where they were seen and consulted by Lepelletier, a little before the Revolution;—but when the Abbey was destroyed and its archives were dispersed, in 1793, Gwenchlan's "prophecies," as the songs were called, shared the fate of many other precious documents and were irrecoverably lost. M. de la Villemarqué has obtained from tradition a strange rhapsody, believed to be the last prophecy of Gwenchlan. The bard had fallen into the hands of some foreign prince, who, for an unknown cause, deprived him of sight and threw him into a dungeon. Gwenchlan menaces the tyrant, whom he calls "the boar of the wood," with the vengeance of the King of Brittany, typified as "the horse of the sea." The singularity of this strange composition will be best illustrated in a literal translation.—

I.

I see the boar coming from the wood; he is very lame; his foot is wounded;
His throat gapes wide and is full of blood; his bristles are white with age;
He is surrounded by his young, who grunt from hunger.
I see the horse of the sea coming to engage him; the shore trembles with fear beneath his tread.
His hoofs are like the driven snow; he wears horns of silver on his head.

The water boils around him, heated by the flames that issue from his nostrils.
The monsters of the deep cluster round him, thick as the rank grass round a stagnant pool.—
Hold thine own! Hold thine own! Horse of the sea! strike at the head! strike!
The naked feet are slipping in the blood. Strike harder, strike harder, I say, strike!
I see the blood flow in a stream. Strike harder, I say, strike!
The blood is now as high as the knee; I see it flow like a tide.

Harder, I say! Strike harder, and harder still; you will have rest to-morrow.
Strike boldly, strike bravely! horse of the sea! Strike at the head, and strike hard.

II.

As I slept calmly in my cold tomb, I heard the eagle issue his summons in the noon of night.
He summoned his eaglets and all the birds of heaven.
He said to them as they came,—poise yourselves quickly on both your wings,
It is not the putrid flesh of sheep and dogs, it is the flesh of Christians which we require—
Come, raven of the sea, tell me what is that which you hold in your beak?
—I hold the head of the chieftain that I may devour his blood-shot eyes—
I tear out his eyes as he has torn thine.
—And you, fox, what is that which you hold?
—I hold his heart, which was false as mine own,
Which has desired your destruction and consigned you to lingering death.—
—And you tell me, load, what is that you are doing with the corner of your mouth?
—I am on the watch to seize his soul at the moment of its flight.
It shall dwell in me whilst I live, as a punishment for the crime he has committed
Against the bard who once dwelt between Roc'h'Allaz and Porz-Gwen.

Whether this be the composition of Gwenchlan or not, it is obviously a memorial of the last struggle of Bardism against Christianity;—a struggle which was protracted in Brittany to a much later period than is generally known, and was ended by cruel persecutions similar to those under which Gwenchlan suffered. Even at the present day, the Bretons, during the storms so common and so dangerous on their coast, retain the Druidical belief that the wrath of the sea will not be appeased until the guilty are cast upon the shore,—a belief which has often proved fatal to the shipwrecked mariner. It is this superstition which gives point to the prayer of the Breton mariner: "Save me, O God, your sea is so big and my bark is so little."

The English wars, as might have been expected, have furnished themes for many historic ballads in Brittany;—and none are so popular as those of which Duguesclin is the hero. His capture of the castle of Trogoff after his escape from young Montfort is a fine specimen of the mediæval Breton ballad; and it probably does not exaggerate the cruelties perpetrated by the English in Brittany. The population of the district of Grungramp, which suffered most severely, is personified as a god-daughter of Duguesclin; and the ballad has some portion of the barbarous wildness which characterizes the prophecies of Gwenchlan. As before, we translate literally.

The sun appears, the day shines bright, the dew-drops sparkle on the white tines of the hedge,
Of the hedge raised around the great castle of Trogoff where the English still reign.
The dew-drops glisten on the blossoms of the hawthorn, and at the sight the sun veils his face,
For in truth these drops are not the dew of heaven, but a rain of human gore,
Of noble and pure blood shed by Rogerson, the most wicked Englishman that ever nestled in our valley.
—Loizalk, my sweet daughter, you are active and diligent, You must rise early to-morrow and carry a pail of milk to those who are clearing the heath.
—Dear little mother, if you love me, do not send me to the heath.
Do not send me to the heath, you will set wicked tongues wagging.
Send thither my elder sister, or send little Fanny.
Do, dear mother, I beseech you, for Rogerson has an eye on me.
—Let who will watch you, they expect you—go you must; You must get up before day-break, the Castellan will be still in bed.
Loizalk, the next morning said to her father and mother, As she lifted up her milk-pail, Loizalk said,
—Adieu father, adieu mother, my two eyes shall see you no more.
Adieu my elder sister! Adieu little sister Fanny.—
As the pretty maiden went into the plain by the valley,

Neat, nimble, barefoot, with her milk-pail on her head, Rogerson from the high tower of the castle saw her as she journeyed a long way off.

—Rouse thee, my young page, and prepare yourself quickly, we are going to chase a leveret,
To chase a white leveret that carries a milk-pail on its head.—

When the young maiden reached the moat of the castle, she found its lord waiting for her.

Waiting for her before the drawbridge, while she trembled with fear;
In her terror on discovering him she allowed her milk-pail to fall.

When she saw this, the poor girl began to weep most bitterly.

—Hush, dear, weep not, we will provide you with another milk-pail.

Approach, and take your breakfast with me, while they are getting it ready.

—Gracious air, I thank you, I have breakfasted, and breakfasted well.

—Come then to the garden; come and gather flowers, Come and weave a garland to decorate your milk-pail.
—I cannot wear flowers; I am in mourning this year.

—Come then to the orchard, come and eat strawberries red as the burning coal.

—I desire not to eat strawberries, there are snakes beneath the leaves.

I hear the labourers call me, they complain that I delay so long;

They ask where I am staying with my pail of curdled milk. You can go to them in an instant; they are preparing your milk-pail, come and see it in the dairy.—

As she crossed the threshold of the castle the poor maiden shuddered.

And when the door closed behind her she turned white as winter snow.

—My dear child, be not afraid, I will do you no harm.

—If you do not desire to do me harm why do you change colour?

—If I change colour it is because the morning air is keen. —It is not the keen air of morning, it is wicked thought which makes you pale.—

—Be quiet, you little fool; come to this tree and pluck some fruit.—

—Lord Rogerson, give me a knife if you please, Please give me a knife to peel this apple.

—If you want a knife you must seek one in the kitchen. There is one on the oak-table which has been sharpened this morning.—

Loizalk said to the cook as she entered,

—Dear cook, save me, I implore you, suffer me to escape.

—Alas! dear maid, I cannot, the drawbridge is raised. Rogerson having waited some time demanded of his page,

—Where does Loizalk tarry, that she does not come back?

—She lies below on the threshold, drowned in a sea of blood.

The great kitchen-knife in her heart and calling on her god-father.

—Duguesclin, my god-father, he will avenge me.

—My good page, do not say one word, but cut her up in pieces and throw them into a basket.

And I will cast them into the river when the lark sings.

When he reached the river he met the godfather of the young maiden;

He met the Lord Duguesclin, his face as green as sorrel.

—Rogerson, tell me where are you going with that basket, Sir Englishman, answer me have you not seen Loizalk?—

—I have not seen Loizalk since the festival of Notre-Dame—

—You lie, vile traitor, for you murdered her yesterday;

You are equally a disgrace to nobility and chivalry;

At these words Rogerson unsheathed his sword.

—You shall soon see whether I am a disgrace to nobility.

You shall see in an instant, vassal, if I am unworthy the name of chevalier.

Draw, sir, draw; no quarter, put yourself on your guard.—

—I have had and still have leisure to contend with the brave.

I have played and will play the sport of war, but not with the assassins of maidens;

And wherever I meet these I cut them down like dogs.—

As he spoke he raised on high his glittering sword,

And he struck the Englishman such a blow that he cleft him to the chine.

Rogerson is slain, and the castle of Trogoff taken.

The fortress of the oppressor is taken, a great warning to the English,

A great warning to the English, but good news for the Bretons.

This ballad has been of rather unmanageable length; but independently of its historic interest, we have been anxious to give our readers a complete specimen of a style of ballad hitherto little known in England,—and to the peculiarities of which we may at some future time direct attention.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Men, Women, and Books: a Selection of Sketches, Essays and Critical Memoirs from his Uncollected Prose Writings. By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols.—With such a title as the above the reader knows what pleasure he may expect from Mr. Leigh Hunt. He never writes otherwise than cheerfully. His "Men" are all "wisest, virtuous"—if not "discreetest"—best. His "Women" make up a bevy so charming and multitudinous, that whenever he begins on what

Harriet Byron might have called "the tender subject," we are reminded of the equatorial embrace imagined by another Byron, when, in a good-natured mood, he wished that the sex had "but one rosy mouth." Mr. Hunt's "Books," again, are dear friends; and he has an extenuating word for every fault of every friend. No one draws out the exquisite passages of a favourite author with such conscious relish—no one is happier or finer in the distinction of beauties—no one more engaging in taking the reader's sympathy for granted. He will have sunshine,—will promote gay spirits,—will uphold liberal truths, blithely yet earnestly. If not sufficient as a guide, he is pleasant as a companion; and we never leave him without having found something new to think about or to differ from. Thus, he is the Prince of parlour-window writers;—whether it be of the winter parlour with its "sea-coal fire" and its warmly cushioned seat in the oriel, to hear the wind pining outside which is so luxurious an enhancement of comfort—or the summer parlour, with its open window mantled, curtained, by woodbine draperies or veiled with jessamine flowers. We imagine, too, that he may be tried as a tourist's *vade mecum*—without much fear of being thrown out of the carriage window as dull or unsympathetic, with Mr. Burchell's monosyllable. The reader will do best to test the justice of the above character for himself: since we may not extract from Mr. Hunt's newest miscellany because all its contents have done duty elsewhere. Some pleasant old friends are here:—"A Visit to the Zoological Garden," reminding us curiously of the rapid flight of Fashion, which has now all but deserted Monkey Green;—"The World of Books,"—"Jack Abbott's Breakfast," from which, no doubt, the clever French farce-writer concocted the "Omelette Fantastique" for Ravel; if both he and Mr. Hunt did not draw their invention from some elder original,—the four "Critiques on Female Beauty," brimful of dainty points for Courts of Love and Committees of Taste to arbitrate.—Papers on Suckling, Ben Jonson, Cowley, Pope,—on the British Poetesses, Madame de Sévigné, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, &c. &c. &c. In short, a pleasanter companion to listen to, smile with, or protest against, is hardly likely to appear during this dry summer than this same "Men, Women, and Books."

The Cardinal's Daughter: a Novel. By the late Robert Mackenzie Daniel, author of "The Scottish Heiress," &c. 3 vols.—This is the last work of one to whom we are indebted for some interesting and pathetic stories; and who sank, as the preface leads us to understand, under the pressure of anxiety and literary labour,—leaving behind him but small provision for the support and nurture of survivors. Under such circumstances, it is gratifying that the critic is able, without straining after panegyric, to praise "The Cardinal's Daughter" as one of the best recent historical novels of the exciting school to which belong "Whitehall," "Whitefriars," &c.:—those, we mean, which depend upon romantic incident and adventure rather than on a *Holbeinesque* portraiture of well-known statesmen or rulers; and whose authors imagine what might have happened in connexion with the great events of History more felicitously than they chronicle what did occur. Thus, though we have the trial of Katherine of Aragon, the exaltation of Anna Boleyn, and the decease of Cardinal Wolsey successively brought before us, we linger in preference upon the wild passion of Brandon, the Secretary, for the Cardinal's Daughter; and are chiefly moved by the progressive events which cast him loose from his loyalty to his master, and plunge him into intrigue, conspiracy and schism. Thus, too, a subordinate female character—Pauline, the dancing girl,—has "a charm and a mystery," which neither the Queen degraded nor the Queen preferred possesses; nor even Henriette de Mayenne, the unwilling nun, and heroine of Brandon's love. Further recommendation, and better, we cannot add than this,—that few who take up "The Cardinal's Daughter" will be able to lay it down unfinished.

Thoughts on the Poets. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Pleasant American essays on Petrarch, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Pope, Cowper, Thomson, Young, Alfieri, Crabbe, Shelley, Hunt, Byron, Moore, Rogers, Burns, Campbell, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Barry Cornwall, Hemans, Tennyson, Barrett, Drake, and Bryant. If there be nothing very novel or very profound in these "Thoughts," they are clear of

meanness or sectarian prejudice, and of that transcendental jargon which was making such wild work with criticism a while since,—but the day of which, we are encouraged to hope, is passing away.

The Bell; its Origin, History and Uses. By A. G.—A reprint from the columns of the *Sheffield Times*; whose title well enough describes its purpose—and whose London publisher is appropriately Mr. Bell.

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[ADVERTISEMENT.]

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN AND SIR W. HAMILTON. To *Augustus De Morgan, Esq., Professor of Mathematics in University College, London.*

Sir,—In reply to your letter in the last number of the *Athenæum*—you were not wrong to abandon your promise "of trying the strength of my position;" for never was there a weaker pretension than that, by you, so suicidally maintained. You would, indeed, have been quite right had you never hazarded a second word; for every additional sentence you have written is another mis-statement, calling, sometimes, for another correction. I disregard your representation that "I avenge myself for the retraction of my aspersions on your integrity by my copious and slashing criticisms on your intellect." When your (excusable) irritation has subsided, you will see that I could only secure you from a verdict of plagiarism by bringing you in as suffering under an illusion. What, however, is all in all;—my criticisms will not, I think, be found untrue.

You do not deny, that your Correspondence asserts a claim to the principle communicated to you by me; but you complain that I have not shown that your *Addition* involves a new doctrine, uncontained in that part! [from the overt contradictions of its other parts I had] of your Memoir which you declared to contain the principles used in your *Addition*. And this you can say, when I explicitly stated that "throughout the whole paper (the Memoir) not only is there much in contradiction—there is absolutely nothing in (most) of its parts conforming with the theory of a quantified predicate" (L. p. 34). This, too, you can say whilst before your eyes, unavertedly, there was lying "my formal request, that you would point out any passage of your previous writings in which this doctrine (that asserted in your 'Statement,' of a quantification of the middle term, be it subject or predicate) is contained" (ibid.—for I could find none; and none has by you been indicated).

You say, that my exposure of your inconsistencies is unavailing, except "I show that my communication was intelligible." You forget that it is for you to explain how, having "subscribed to," as having "rightly understood," twenty-two sentences of my prospectus (L. pp. 19, 16), you could subsequently declare that communication to be *unintelligible*! (L. p. 29). I have now no doubt, however, that you then "subscribed to" more sentences than, by you, were "rightly understood." Indeed, had you only betimes avowed that all you had "subscribed to, as rightly understood," was to you really unintelligible, and that the repetition of my doctrine was in your mouth mere empty sound, two pamphlets might have easily been spared.

If guilty of less majesty by reference to the Queen's English, have I not my accuser as abetter? For you not only paid my mintage (*quantify and quantification*) as current coin; but, in borrowing, actually "thanked me for the words" (L. p. 22). However, my verbal innovations are, at least, not elementary blunders. I do not, for example, confound a *term* with a *proposition*, the middle with the conclusion of a syllogism.

Finally, I beg leave to remind you:—There is now evidence in your possession that for seven years, at least, the doctrine of a quantified predicate has been publicly taught by me; whilst, on your part, there is a counter assertion or innuendo, which, as you cannot prove, it concerns your character formally to annul.—I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,
EDINBURGH, June 2, 1847.
W. HAMILTON.

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Thomas's Ministry of Holy Angels in Church of Christ, 4s. 6d. cl.
Vidal's (Mrs. F.) *Earth and other Tales*, 10s. 6d. cl.
Waddell's (P. H.) *Sojourn of a Seaple*, crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Wilberforce's (W.) *Practical View of Christianity*, 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Williams's (Rev. Dr.) *Sermons*, 16s. 6d. cl.
Wordsworth's (Rev. Dr.) *Letters to Mr. Gandon*, 2nd ed. 10s. 6d. cl.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ IN THE UNITED STATES.

May 31.
I beg you will insert in your Journal the following extract of a letter from Prof. Agassiz to myself, dated the 28th of April. That eminent naturalist, who is now occupied in comparing the productions, both fossil and recent, of the Western Continent with those of other parts of the world, and has had great success in a course of lectures at Boston, has recently been subjected to a severe illness,—from which, however, his numerous friends will be glad to hear, he is rapidly recovering. Among other points of interest to which he alludes, he thus speaks of the illustration which the geographical distribution of North American plants and animals has afforded to the science of geology.

"I think I made a lucky and quite an unexpected hit, by tracing the close analogy between the fossil Flora of the European miocene deposits (*mulasse*) and the living Flora of the temperate parts of the United States of North America. The correspondence extends to all the types of organized beings. After having seen the *Chelydra* alive in the swamps here, under the shade of trees analogous to those which covered the ancient soil of Oeningen (so celebrated for its profusion of terrestrial and freshwater fossil remains.) I cannot help thinking that the climate could not have been tropical in Europe at the time when the strata of Oeningen were deposited. Again, I may observe that there is the closest affinity between the Flora of the Atlantic shores of North America and that of Japan; where we have the *Megalotriton*, the corresponding living type of the *Andrias*, or great fossil salamander of Oeningen. As I am unable to write a paper now, I would thank you to make these remarks known before I can publish them in *extenso*."

I have only to congratulate my brother geologists on this highly interesting observation of our distinguished contemporary; which must prove to be of considerable value in enabling us to arrive at a just conclusion respecting the condition of the climate of Europe during the middle tertiary epoch. I remain, &c.,
RODERICK I. MURCHISON.

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BATALHA AND ALCÓBAÇA.

A correspondent who has visited these celebrated monasteries—familiar to the English reader in the glowing description of Mr. Beckford—has furnished us with some professional details, principally relating to the first, which may be acceptable to our readers.

I started at six o'clock from the hotel in Lisbon at which I had put up, with a *laquais de place*; went on board the steam-bout which starts to Villa Nuova every morning at seven o'clock; and arrived at Batalha in the evening of the following day. The village is a few miles out of the high road from Lisbon to Oporto;—and is now a poor deserted place. The rich gardens and olive grounds around it are not cultivated as they were when held by the monks. All appears ruined and neglected; and even the superb abbey seems to sink into the ground because of the accumulated rubbish that surrounds it.

It was dark when I arrived; but hearing that music was performing in the church, I went thither while supper was preparing. I found it dimly lighted by a few candles, whose feeble rays scarcely reached to the vaulting above and were lost in the awful shadows of the aisles around. The music, however, was only that of a harmonious club of the village lads; who, it seems, are accustomed to practice here in the evening. I learnt at the inn that after the expulsion of the monks three priests only were allowed to remain in the village. I saw but one; and heard of no service performed during the two days that I remained at Batalha. The vast pile with its long cloisters and multitudinous offices is but a desert.

The Monastery of the Batalha, as you know, was founded by King John the First, in accomplishment of a vow which he had made to the Blessed Virgin when preparing to give battle to the Castilian army at Aljubarrota. The edifice was commenced about the year 1386. It is very large and lofty—in the florid or decorated Gothic. The details are fine; but in many respects different from those in English-decorated Gothic. The square abacus to the capitals of the shafts are common,—and many other details which with us belong to a much earlier period.

The exterior of the church seems richer in detail than its interior. As the roofs are nearly flat, there are no gable ends; and a richly foliated parapet with a cresting on the top goes all round. There are no timber roofs. Those near the nave and transepts are formed by large slabs of marble—or of a hard stone like marble—of waved form section; which lap over each other somewhat in the manner of our house tiles,—and so form a secure and fire-proof roof that rests immediately on the vaulting beneath. The roofs of the aisles are covered with flat paving stones. As there are no sloping roofs over the aisles, there is no triforium gallery—which forms so beautiful a feature in the northern cathedrals. The clerestory windows are immediately over the arches which separate the nave from the aisles; and these arches, with the aisles, are considerably higher in proportion than is usual in our churches. I mention these particulars because I believe Murphy in his work endeavours to show that this abbey was the design of an English architect;—a statement which the Conte de Raczynski, in his work entitled '*Les Arts en Portugal*,' controverts by extracts from Portuguese critics and from the archives.

The interior of the church is fine—simple in its details and very lofty. Near the entrance at the west end on the south side is the superb mausoleum of King John the First of Portugal and his wife Philippa, the daughter of John of Lancaster. The plan of the mausoleum is a square, in the midst of which are eight clustered or shafted piers supporting an octagonal lantern with a vaulted roof. The eight arches are beautiful in their proportions,—and foliated richly at their edges. A noble monument on which lie the effigies of the King and Queen occupies the centre of the mausoleum.

There are two spacious squares of cloisters belonging to this monastery. Those furthest from the church are simple and quaint in their style—of the same date as the church. The grand quadrangle of cloisters with the chapter-house is very rich,—and appears to have been completed at a later period. I suppose that no cloisters in Europe can equal these in extent and magnificence. The vaulting is simple,

though sufficiently ornamented. It is in the windows or open arcades which separate the cloisters from the green sward in the quadrangle that the architect has chiefly shown his invention. The shafts supporting the tracery are fluted spirally, with various ornament. The tracery—which varies in different arches—resembles the interweaving of branches and leaves with sometimes pomegranates and flowers. The style is not strictly pure; but the fancy displayed and beauty of execution make ample amends for the offence against architectural rule. In one corner of the cloisters a rich chapel of open tracery work projects into the quadrangle, and covers a carved marble fountain three stages in height. On the east side of the cloister is the chapter-house—a noble apartment, said in the 'Modern Traveller' to be sixty-four feet square. It is vaulted, but without any central pillar—the vaulting resting entirely upon the side walls. At the east end of the great church is the unfinished mausoleum begun by King Emanuel in the fifteenth century. Seven out of the eight main arches which were intended to support the lantern and vaulting of the centre space open into polygonal chapels, all richly vaulted:—the eighth is the entrance—and is perhaps the richest piece of masonry in existence. Different planes of tracery, one over the other, with rich mouldings and carvings of figures and foliage in the utmost profusion, decorate it. The execution of the ornaments—all in stone almost equal to marble—is perfect. The architectural style is Gothic mixed with Italian; and the mixture in this instance is most strange and picturesque. It is said that King Emanuel left this noble design unfinished (in the year 1513) for the purpose of building the monastery of Belem, near Lisbon—which is in the same style, but very inferior both in plan and execution.—I need not describe the immense kitchen. This, with the granaries and the vaults for wine and oil attached to the monastery, are now all useless lumber rooms. Yet some care seems to be taken of the building by the government; as several masons were about doing various repairs—and the broken windows had been lately mended.

From Batalha to Alcobaça is a pretty ride—the country being hilly and the valley fertile. A small river runs by the Monastery of Alcobaça, and serves to turn the mills which formerly belonged to the monks. In the neighbourhood are many gardens which belonged to the same establishment. The monks were extremely rich. The first view of the monastery is unpromising; presenting an immense façade like a college or hospital in the modern Roman style—poor both in general design and in detail. Towers in the same taste have been added to the old church, which was founded in the middle of the twelfth century. The style is early Gothic:—but it appears to little advantage after the Batalha. Here are the fine monument of Inez de Castro and, close by it, that of her avenging husband. The tombs have been much defaced by the French soldiery. The ancient chapter-house and cloisters are of the same date as the church. They are of no great extent; but their details are very interesting. The modern additional courts and cloisters are on the grandest scale. The long ranges of apartments and galleries might have served for a very large community. The kitchens and offices are superb. A great portion of these buildings have been ruined by fire; and the few habitable apartments are now tenanted by paupers and invalids—whose rags hanging around make the desolation of the scene very painful.

I returned to Lisbon by Villa Nuova; and on the following day went to Cintra. The royal palace here much exceeded my expectations. It is a most picturesque pile of building;—the strangest feature being two immense kitchen chimneys, like lime-kilns, which are seen from every point. The architecture is a composite between the late Gothic and Arab forms:—of which style there are several curious specimens at Seville. The parapets and windows are excellent in detail. In the interior the same style prevails; and a quaint, strange effect is produced. The walls of the apartments are faced to a considerable height with azulejos or glazed painted tiles—often of genuine Moorish patterns, with interlacing braids and stars. There is a Moorish inlaid wooden ceiling to the chapel.

The Penha Convent, perched on the top of the

highest rock in the neighbourhood, and commanding a beautiful view over the sea and the surrounding country, is in the same mixed style as the palace. The interior of the little quadrangle is paved with glazed tiles—and has a charming effect. The present Queen is making additions to the building and gardens around it.

The places most worthy of attention in the neighbourhood of Lisbon—Batalha, Alcobaça, Torres Vedras, Mafra, and Belem—may all be visited, together with the curiosities of Lisbon, in the time (from eight to ten days) which intervenes between the arrival of one steamer and the departure of the next for Cadiz. I should advise the traveller to secure good horses and saddles at Lisbon, and send them on to meet the steamer at Villa Nuova; and he will otherwise find none but the country pack-horses. The expense will not be greater, and he will perform the journey in less time and more agreeably.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

MANY of our readers will ere this have heard of the sudden death of the most distinguished of modern Scotch divines, the father and leader of the Free Church of Scotland, and one whose works and character have given him a European reputation. Dr. Chalmers was found dead in his bed at his house in Morningside, near Edinburgh, on Monday morning last. The Scotch papers are filled with particulars; and the following account of the unexpected and startling character of the event has been collected from the notices of the *Witness*,—the organ of the Free Church party. On Sunday night Dr. Chalmers retired to rest at an early hour in perfect health. Next morning, Professor Macdougall, who expected to have received a packet of papers from him, sent, at about twenty minutes before eight, to inquire whether it had been left out. The housekeeper knocked at the door of the Doctor's bed-room, but received no answer; and concluded that he was asleep. Half an hour later, another party called; when the housekeeper knocked as before, but still received no answer; and the domestics agreed to enter the chamber and ascertain if all were well with their revered master. On entering, they were shocked to discover that the Doctor had fallen into the sleep of death. He had been sitting erect, it appeared, when overtaken by the stroke; and still retained, in part, that position. The head gently reclined on the pillow:—the arms were folded peacefully on the breast. There was a slight appearance of oppression and heaviness on the brow; but not a wrinkle, nor a trace of sorrow or pain, disturbed its smoothness. The countenance wore an expression of deep repose. Professor Macdougall, who had been sent for, grasped the hand. It was cold as marble. Life had departed several hours. No conflict had preceded dissolution. As a proof of this, the bedclothes were gathered about his person, and had plainly not been disturbed by any struggle at the moment of departure. On the forenoon of Monday, the Doctor was to give in the report of the College Committee to the General Assembly of the Free Church; and, in anticipation of that event, his papers and writing materials lay beside him in bed, so arranged that he might begin his work as soon as he should awake.—Dr. Chalmers was a native of Anstruther, in Fife; and it is stated that he was born about the year 1780—so that he has died in his 67th year. His literary and theological labours were prosecuted at the University of St. Andrews; and his first ecclesiastical presentation was to the living of Kilmany, in Fifeshire. In 1814 he was translated to the Free Church of Glasgow; and during his ministrations there his reputation as a preacher grew into those large proportions to which the more prominent events of his after career conformed. The character of those events is too exclusively professional for discussion in our columns; and they have, besides, occupied a large share of public attention,—especially of late years,—which leaves their memory fresh in the minds of our readers. In 1824 Dr. Chalmers was appointed to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews; and in 1828 he removed to the chair of Theology in the University of Edinburgh—the highest Academical distinction which can be conferred in Scotland. On the disruption of the Scottish Church, he was elected principal

and primarius Professor of Theology to the body with which he seceded. — Among his many academic honours, he had received the degree of L.L.D. from the University of Oxford, and had been elected a corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France—distinctions, it is said, never before accorded to a Presbyterian divine. His collected works fill twenty-five duodecimo volumes.

The meeting to be presided over by Lord Morpeth on the 12th inst. in the Great Room of the Society of Arts, for the promotion of a monument commemorative of the introduction of Printing into England, is likely, we understand, to be supported by many names eminent in literature. Liberal subscriptions have been already tendered; and, to their honour, Messrs. Clowes, the printers, have set the example to the trade which is more especially honoured in the honours paid to Caxton by sending a donation of 100*l.*—His Royal Highness Prince Albert, President of the Society for Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, has fixed Thursday next for distributing the prizes to those who have recently contributed to the advancement of the arts or manufactures of the country.

Some time since [*ante*, p. 414], we announced the intention of the Trustees of the British Museum to appoint a Geological Lecturer on Dr. George Swiney's foundation, in the course of last month; and accordingly on the 8th ult. Dr. W. B. Carpenter was elected at a general meeting of that body, on the recommendation of a committee specially appointed for examining the testimonials of the several candidates. Our readers will see how the qualification by which the field of selection was limited, as we then mentioned, has worked in the present instance. It is no injustice to Dr. Carpenter to say that he has not hitherto occupied a very prominent place before the world as a general geologist; and we are informed that he was induced to offer himself for this appointment only because the terms of the endowment, which require that the lecturer should be a Doctor of Medicine of the University of Edinburgh expressly excludes all our professed geologists of the first rank. In making his application, we are further informed, Dr. Carpenter distinctly stated that he would not profess to teach any other branch of geology than paleontology; and it was in reference to this branch that he received those recommendations from the most eminent geologists and comparative anatomists which secured his election.—We may add that the following resolutions have been adopted by the Trustees in regard to the arrangements for the lectureship:—1. That the gentleman chosen to be the Swiney lecturer shall find a place for the delivery of his lectures, to be approved by the Trustees of the British Museum; and shall bear all expenses attending the preparation and delivering of such lectures,—and the publication thereof, if he shall deem it expedient to publish the same. 2. That the following classes of persons shall be admitted to the Swiney lectures free of charge—viz. the Trustees and resident officers of the British Museum; and also the assistants in the department of natural history—all graduates of the University of Edinburgh—and all members of the College of Physicians. 3. That ten tickets for each lecture shall be further placed at the disposal of the Trustees; and, 4. That the charges made to other persons shall be approved by the Trustees. The condition which requires the lecturer to find a place was made *subsequently* to the issuing of the printed circular which induced candidates to offer themselves; and accordingly, the scene of the lectures is not yet decided on. Why the Trustees of the Museum should not have made provision for them within their own walls, as the place most appropriate, it seems difficult to understand;—but perhaps the Geological Society or the Royal Institution may be prevailed on to house the young professorship.

Excavations making in the old church of the Celestins in Paris have brought to light a number of ancient tombs sunk in the earth to some considerable depth,—and amongst them that of a daughter of John Lackland. These discoveries are about to be followed up by further excavations.

The Academy of Sciences in Paris has elected M. Duvernoy a free Academician of its body in the room of the late M. Benjamin Delessert.—The Royal Academy of Sciences at Naples has elected M. Le Verrier and M. Mignet into the list of its foreign

associates. — At home, we may mention that the University of Edinburgh has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. Owen the naturalist.

A fortnight since, we announced the death, at Pisa, of the celebrated juriconsult Signor Carmignani, Professor of Law in the university of that city. We now learn that this eminent lawyer had been engaged for many years on a history of the Science of Law; and on his death-bed intrusted its publication to his friend and scholar Professor Ronaini. There are other unpublished works from the same hand—some of which are also likely to see the light.

Letters from Vienna announce that the long promised Academy of Sciences in that capital—of whose intended constitution we gave some account a year ago [*ante*, p. 630]—is at length a reality; the Emperor's letters patent by which it is created having appeared. Between the constitution as then announced and as now settled there is some difference which it will be necessary that we should explain to our readers. The Academy is composed of two classes—instead of four, as was then stated: one of the Mathematical and Natural Sciences—the other of History, Languages, and Antiquities. Each class will, however, establish special sections within itself. Each of the classes will have twenty-four ordinary members—giving half the number assigned when the classes were expected to be four; and one-half of these, at least, must be resident in the capital. The honorary members are not to exceed twenty-four; and the Academy is itself to fix the number of its corresponding members. The president is to be elected by the whole body of members for three years—but must be approved of by the Emperor: the vice-president and secretaries are to be re-elected every four years. The elections of honorary and corresponding members are also to be subject to the Imperial approval. The Academy has the right of proposing for competition, in each year, four scientific or literary questions,—and of awarding the prizes. It is permitted, also, to publish its Transactions and the communications addressed to it by learned foreigners. It is to advise the government on scientific matters whenever required to do so; and an imperial commissary is to be appointed, with the title of Curator, as the organ of its communications with the administration. The budget is fixed at 40,000 florins; and the Transactions of the Society will be published gratuitously at the imperial press. Government will provide it with a locality for its sittings and library in one of the State edifices—and, in fact, do a great many paternal things for the young institution which it may be hoped it will ultimately get strength to do without. As we have already said, free scientific discussion flourishes best without the sheltering wing of imperial commissaries. The journals of Vienna publish the names of the first forty members appointed by the Emperor—as we formerly stated they were in the first instance to be; and amongst them we find those of Bordini, Baumgartner, Adrien Balbi, Grillparzer, Hügel, Hammer-Purgstall, Ladislav Pyrkner the poet-bishop, Paul Schaffarik Palazky, Heinrich and Endlicher. The Archduke John is nominated imperial commissary.

Letters from the same capital, of only two days' later date, have a touching pendant. The new Academy has already lost one of its members. On the very day of the promulgation of the letters patent, was buried Joseph Henrich, professor of Oriental languages in Vienna. Herr Henrich was a native of Schatzburg, in Transylvania; and early devoted himself to the study of the Semitic languages—which he professed at Hermanstadt in 1812. In 1821, he was called to Vienna as professor of Biblical literature at the Theologic Faculty of the Confession of Augsburg in that city. He was the first who taught the Sanscrit language and literature in Vienna. Besides his strictly oriental labours, he published two works of more general interest—one on 'The Translations of the Greek Authors into Syriac, Arabic, Persian and Armenian'—the other 'On the Poetry of the Hebrews in comparison with the Arabian Poetry.'

While dealing with Austrian obituary, we may mention another death in the same capital,—that of Madame de Weissenthurm, famous in Germany both as an actress and an author. Madame de Weissenthurm was a native of Coblenz; made her first appearance on the stage at Munich, at the age of

fourteen; and was attached to the court theatre of Vienna for the long period of fifty-five years. On her retirement, in 1845, the Emperor Ferdinand conferred on her the gold medal for Civil Merit,—she being the first female on whom that distinction had been bestowed. Madame de Weissenthurm was the author of a large number of dramatic pieces in all kinds; a complete edition of which has been published in sixteen volumes.—At home, the daily papers report the death, in London, of Guido Sorelli, the translator into Italian of Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

It is stated from Christiania, that the working of the silver mines of Königsberg is daily increasing the produce of these natural treasure-houses. In the first three months of the present year, they have yielded 10,700 marks of virgin silver—an amount exceeding by five-twelfths the product of the corresponding quarter in 1846. The National Bank of Denmark has purchased these 10,700 marks for a sum exceeding 22,000*l.* of our money.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* throws out a hint to railway companies which is at least worth repeating for what it suggests,—even if he be over sanguine as to the particular growth which he recommends. "Travelling," he says, "along the lines which now intersect the country in various parts, I have frequently been struck with the idea that the extensive embankments formed by the cuttings might be turned to good account by planting vineyards on that land which now lies idle. I am satisfied, from observation, that the sunny sides of these embankments are admirably adapted for the growth of vines in most instances, particularly in Kent and Gloucestershire. In the twelfth century, we find mentioned that there were extensive vineyards in this country—above all in the two mentioned counties—the wine of which excelled all the rest of the kingdom, and was very little inferior to the French. The Isle of Ely was termed the Isle of Vines, and tithe was regularly taken of wines. It is only reasonable to suppose that vines, under the improved climate of this country, greater skill in cultivation, and general advancement in science, would be grown to higher perfection at the present day. Our first vines were transplanted from Gaul, about the thirteenth century; and were peculiarly fitted for this climate, and even ripened in the frosts of advancing winter. The fruit was of the same colour, and probably of the same species, as the black muscadine. An experiment of this kind might be tried without incurring much expense, and ultimately, perhaps, prove a source of considerable profit. It must likewise be remembered that vines will grow where wheat would decidedly fail."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR-SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission, (from Eight o'clock till Seven), 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A. Rep. Sec.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, PAUL MALL, EAST, next to the Bank of England.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* J. W. BRIGHT, Sec.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, PAUL MALL.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* J. FAHEY, Secretary.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Incorporated by Royal Charter—at their Gallery, SCOTCH-CHURCH, PAUL MALL EAST, IS NOW OPEN daily, from Nine, a.m. till Dusk.—Admission, 1*s.* EDWARD HASSELL, Secretary.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE. DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—Just Opened, with a new and highly interesting Exhibition, representing the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, at VENICE, justly considered one of the most magnificent temples in the Christian world; and a VIEW OF TIVOLI, near ROME, with the Cascades, &c. The picture of St. Mark's painted by M. Dioso (pupil of M. Daguerre), from drawings made on the spot expressly for the Diorama by the late M. Renon. The View of Tivoli is painted by M. Bouton. Both pictures exhibit various novel and striking effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, Saloon, 1*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.*

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY has just deposited a complete series of Apparatus, illustrating the Principles of the ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH as now worked on the leading Lines of Railway. Also, superb Specimens of their ELECTRIC CLOCKS, ALARMS, &c. Among the various works of interest explained is a Working Model of CLAASEN'S PATENT IMPROVED RAILWAY. Dr. Buchholfer's Lectures on Natural Philosophy. Chemical Lectures by J. H. Pepper, Esq., on the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The beautiful Optical Effects, Diving Experiments, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.—May 12.—Sir H. T. De la Beche in the chair.—R. E. A. Townsend, Esq., J. Nichol, Esq., and W. A. Provis, Esq., were elected Fellows.—M. C. H. Pander, of St. Petersburg, and M. Vicomte d'Archiac, of Paris, Foreign Members.

theatre of increasing years. On command she being the author of all kinds of reports and translations.

On the Nomenclature of the Fossil Chimeroid Fishes, by Sir P. G. Egerton. The author divides this family of extinct fishes into four genera; and pointed out the characters by which they are distinguished, and the geological formations in which they occur.

On Kent's Cavern, Torquay, by E. Vivian, Esq.—This paper gave an account of some recent researches made in it by the Torquay Natural History Society. In one place the committee found a layer of dark mould, containing burnt wood or charcoal, with recent shells and bones, resting on the floor of stalagmite; and below this, a solid bed of red marl, full of broken bones and teeth of extinct animals. In another place below a floor of stalagmite, which was carefully swept and seemed never to have been disturbed, they found the same red loam, with many bones much decayed, and a flint knife. In a third place, where the stalagmite was about a foot thick, the same loam contained a bed of fossil teeth, principally of the hyena, many fossil bones, and among them another very perfect flint knife. The author thinks that the cave was first inhabited by bears, hyenas and other carnivorous animals, by whom many of the bones were carried into the cave—that these by means of a flood were mixed with the red loam—and that men subsequently inhabited the cave leaving the flint knives now found. Then came a third period, in which the stalagmite was deposited; and last of all that period in which the British remains found above the stalagmite were deposited in the cave.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 4 and 11.—Sir J. Rennie, President, in the chair.—The discussion on Mr. Frodsham's paper occupied nearly the whole of the former evening.

'An Account of the progressive Improvements of Somerland Harbour and the River Wear,' by Mr. John Murray, was read.

Mr. W. M. Peniston has been elected a member; and Messrs. P. N. Brockedon, W. G. Browner, and H. J. Castle, associates.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 28.—W. H. Bodkin, M.P., V.P., in the chair.—Capt. W. Caldwell was elected a member.—A communication by Mr. T. Dayton 'On his Patent Process for Silvering Glass with Pure Silver' was read. The table used by me, by silvering is of a similar description to that ordinarily used—the glass being fixed horizontally upon it by means of machinery. It is necessary that the piece of glass should be perfectly level, so that the liquor poured on shall act equally on all parts of the surface. The material used consists of nitrate of silver, to which are added ammonia, water, spirits of wine, and thirty or forty drops of oil cassia. In this state the liquor can be kept for a long time without deteriorating. When it is required for silvering, oil of cloves is to be added to it; and in proportion to the quantity of oil of cloves added is the length of time required to perfect the deposit. The deposit takes place equally well whether the surface is flat or of any other form. After it is silvered, it is washed to remove the impurities which have been deposited with the silver; and then placed in a hot-air closet, where it remains for a few hours until perfectly dry, when it is varnished to protect it from the action of the air and also from being scratched. Glasses of any dimensions may be silvered in the most perfect manner in forty-eight hours. The silver deposited by this process adheres more firmly than does that by the old method. It is also less injurious to the health of the workman—as mercury is not used; and the cost of production is not increased.

The second communication was by Mr. Brett, 'On his Electric-Printing Telegraph.' [See ante, p. 390.]

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loaf sugar—drying printing paper, or setting the ink, to enable books to be bound more quickly than usual—drying starch and converting it into dextrose, or British gum—and preserving meat. It was stated that sixty suits of clothes which had belonged to persons who had died of the plague in Syria had been subjected to the process of purification at a temperature of about 240°, and afterwards worn by sixty persons—not one of whom ever gave the slightest symptom of being affected by the malady. The author referred to the mode adopted by the North American Indians for preserving the flesh of the buffalo,—that of drying it in the sun; and stated that heated currents had been applied successfully. How important for shipping, instead of sailors consuming salted provision from one month's end to another, to have an occasional supply of fresh meat! Meat treated in this way occupies much less space, too, and is much lighter in weight. It is believed that the juices of the meat contain about seven-eighths of watery moisture: this the current of heated air removes, leaving the albumen and all the flavour and nutrition behind.

May 5.—Sir J. Boileau, Bart., V.P. in the chair.—G. W. Sheriff and P. Le Capelaine, Esqrs. were elected members.—Communication by Mr. Defries 'On his New Patent (Third) Dry Gas Meter.'—Mr. Boccus 'On his Improved Gas Burner.'

The Secretary described an excavating machine by Mr. Prideaux. It consists of a series of scoops attached to arms, fixed on an axle, driven by a steam-engine. As the scoops revolve, they slice off the earth and discharge it on to an inclined plane, on which it is removed to the waggon. The whole apparatus bears a resemblance to the ordinary dredging machine, and is worked by a steam-engine.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—May 31.—C. Fowler, V.P., in the chair.—A Marble from Pompeii, sculptured in relief on both sides, and having pivot holes in the top and bottom edges, was exhibited by Mr. E. Brown, who supposes it to have been used as a window, or to close an aperture.

Mr. J. G. Crace read an account of the Palaces of Blois and Chambord, with illustrations of the Renaissance style of Art from those buildings. The Palace of Blois stands on the site of a Roman camp, and possesses remains of very considerable antiquity. It passed into the hands of the De Châtillons about 1292, and was sold by that family to the Duke of Orleans—who took possession in 1397. Their descendant became Louis the Twelfth. It was bestowed on Gaston d'Orleans by Louis the Thirteenth, and after his death, it became again the property of the Crown. The palace forms an irregular quadrangle, of which the south side was built by the old Dukes of Orleans, the east by Louis the Twelfth, the north by Francis the First, and the west by Gaston d'Orleans. All these are of different styles of architecture,—the early domestic Gothic, the flamboyant or enriched, the Renaissance of Francis the First, and the Franco-Italian of Mansard. Mr. Crace particularly directed attention to the eastern side,—on the centre front of which the canopied recess over the archway was remarked as a beautiful example of the style: and illustrations of this and the staircase were given. A description of the interior as it appeared during the time of Louis the Twelfth was quoted from the writings of a chronicler of the time. The famous Salle des États, situated on the north-east angle of the building, was fully described, and an account given of the meeting of the States therein during the time of Henry the Third. It was however to the Renaissance building of Francis the First that the author principally directed attention, alluding to the carving and other embellishments that adorn the exterior, especially the external staircase in the court. Of the north front, looking from the court, he also spoke highly; and particularly mentioned the colouring of the window recesses, as throwing out the architectural details with much effect. He then proceeded to describe the Palace of Chambord, situated about four leagues from Blois, and one of the most curious and interesting palaces in France,—supposed to have been designed by Primaticcio. It exhibits in its details the imaginative mind of an artist, rather than the practical science of an architect. The roof, with its forest of towers

studied in every direction with niches, columns,

pilasters, gables, &c., and crowned with the cupola of the grand staircase which rises above all the rest, forms a picturesque ensemble; and the various noble apartments in the interior, and the grand double staircase, though all suffering from the application of whitewash, still possess powerful attractions for the lover of Renaissance Art.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Pathological Society, 8, P.M.
- Royal Institution, 2.—Monthly Meeting.
- TUES. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Mr. Heppel 'On the Expansive Action of Steam.'
- WED. Geological Society, half-past 8.
- Literary Fund, 3.
- Society of Arts, 8.
- Ethnological Society, 8.
- THURS. Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal Society of Literature, 4.
- Royal Society, half-past 8.
- FRI. Astronomical Society, 8.
- Philological Society, 8.
- Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Mr. Faraday 'On the Steam-Jet.'

FINE ARTS

SALE OF MR. COLLINS'S DRAWINGS.

ONE of the most interesting exhibitions which it falls to the lot of the amateur to visit during a season in London is that of a collection of studies, preparations, or pictures, submitted to public competition for sale on the demise of a popular artist. A melancholy interest attaches to such an assemblage. There, are recorded the rise, progress, and sometimes decline, of the artist, in their successive phases—illustrated by the various exercises for each individual work which either brought him into notice, strengthened and confirmed his reputation, or showed signs of diminishing power, and in some sad instances foretold the coming end. These latter stages, however, cannot be said to be represented in this collection. Of the first two phases there are several examples. The coast scenes, shrimpers, &c., which first made Mr. Collins known—studies for Lord Liverpool's picture of 'Fishermen on the Look-out,' for 'The Skittle-players,' 'As Happy as a King,' 'Rustic Civility,' and for many an Italian subject, are here. The studies of landscape and coast scenery both at home and abroad convey a good idea of the wide range of the artist's observation and the versatility of his powers. The sunny glade, the country lane, the homestead, or the forest were as much within his reach as the river rock, the sandy beach, the chalk cliff, and distant ocean—and these seen under every combination of atmospheric effect, from that of the troubled cloud to that of the serene twilight. These things, too, his enterprise of character led him, though late in life, to examine as far down south as the Mediterranean Sea. Here—within his picturesque accompaniments of figures and craft—a new field opened to his art. Yet here his labours were scarcely as successful as those earlier ones which have established a reputation that places his name among the foremost in British Art.

Studied as Mr. Collins appears to have been in the excellencies of the Dutch school, few can yet with justice be said to have displayed more of originality. His works have their character of nature and truth imparted in a style that is both free and novel. In his Italian subjects—such as studies of lazzaroni and peasants—he shows his feeling for rich and subdued tones of colour; but a more lengthened residence and a better acquaintance with the feelings, habits, and customs of the people, would have been necessary to enable him to embody these with the truth which he imparted to the scenes of a more northern and colder clime. Taken, nevertheless, as the records of individual circumstances, these studies are, for the most part—especially the figures—picturesque and beautiful. The large and life-sized examples of the human form are the weakest examples of the artist's pencil; and are proofs that no technical skill, however great, will compensate for absence of design, character and expression. In other words, common sense and intelligibility are paramount to all beauties of structure or graces of style.

Among the most striking of the studies, we noticed the following:—a very interesting drawing in chalk of 'An Errand Man employed by Cowper, Olney' (51); 'Cherry-seller, Turvey' (50)—a study, we believe, for the celebrated picture; 'A Coast Scene,' (65) very fine; 'Hartland Quay' (66); 'Dartmouth Castle' (70); 'Near Buckland' (77); 'Lanacombe' (78)—all fine as delineations of Devonshire scenery; 'Cottage

theatre of increasing years. On command she being the author of all kinds of reports and translations.

On the Nomenclature of the Fossil Chimeroid Fishes, by Sir P. G. Egerton. The author divides this family of extinct fishes into four genera; and pointed out the characters by which they are distinguished, and the geological formations in which they occur.

On Kent's Cavern, Torquay, by E. Vivian, Esq.—This paper gave an account of some recent researches made in it by the Torquay Natural History Society. In one place the committee found a layer of dark mould, containing burnt wood or charcoal, with recent shells and bones, resting on the floor of stalagmite; and below this, a solid bed of red marl, full of broken bones and teeth of extinct animals. In another place below a floor of stalagmite, which was carefully swept and seemed never to have been disturbed, they found the same red loam, with many bones much decayed, and a flint knife. In a third place, where the stalagmite was about a foot thick, the same loam contained a bed of fossil teeth, principally of the hyena, many fossil bones, and among them another very perfect flint knife. The author thinks that the cave was first inhabited by bears, hyenas and other carnivorous animals, by whom many of the bones were carried into the cave—that these by means of a flood were mixed with the red loam—and that men subsequently inhabited the cave leaving the flint knives now found. Then came a third period, in which the stalagmite was deposited; and last of all that period in which the British remains found above the stalagmite were deposited in the cave.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 4 and 11.—Sir J. Rennie, President, in the chair.—The discussion on Mr. Frodsham's paper occupied nearly the whole of the former evening.

'An Account of the progressive Improvements of Somerland Harbour and the River Wear,' by Mr. John Murray, was read.

Mr. W. M. Peniston has been elected a member; and Messrs. P. N. Brockedon, W. G. Browner, and H. J. Castle, associates.

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at Sheffield' (87), excellent, and very Ostade-like; a capital oil sketch of 'A Mill' (128); 'A Stone-breaker' (176)—very rich in colour. Two studies for the 'Hop-pickers'; 'A Kentish Cradle' (177), and 'A Group of Children' (178), were admirable—especially the first. An excellent study—'The Woodman' (188); and a good 'View of Walmer Castle' (190). 'The Surrey Farmer' (210), a capital bit of nature; (271) a figure in 'The Husband reproved'; (302) a 'Boy with a Stool.' 'Looking out'—a study for the picture (312) was highly interesting to those who remembered either the picture or the print. In the third day's sale, all the studies from 320 to 329, inclusive of 'Fisher Boys at Hastings or Brighton,' afforded the visitor an insight into the laborious nature of Mr. Collins's preparations for any particular subject on which he might be engaged. A beautiful drawing of 'Seaford' (338), and another of the same place (341) nearly as good; 'Brighton Fisher-boy' (339). 'Fetching the Doctor' (360) was a study in oil for the picture exhibited not long since at the Royal Academy. The original design seems to have been but slightly departed from. Three subjects, studies for parts in 'The Skittle-players'—one of Mr. Collins's very best pictures, yet which unaccountably remained on his hands for years—'A Boy' (363); 'A Man' (367), and the principal group from the picture (370) were all careful preparations. A study of the 'Rustic Civility' (364)—children opening a gate to a stranger whose approach is indicated by his shadow. In 375 we had the whole subject of 'The Skittle-players' in colours; and we thus see how well the painter had digested his subject before he touched his canvas. A 'Roman Beggar,' an oil sketch, (391) was especially good; as was the 'Neapolitan Cicero' (398). The 'Blacksmith's Shop' (418) was a picturesque interior. A characteristic study of 'A Boulogne Fishwoman' (419); studies of a 'Roman Priest' (480 and 557), tinted on paper; oil sketch of the 'Sorrento Girls' (496); 'View of Edinburgh Castle' (518). The 'Roman Shepherd-boy' (529) an expressive study in oil; and 'Descending Rocks' (530), a sketch for the well-known picture of the same title.

A painter's conscientiousness was never better exemplified than in a sheet of studies for the back of the head and shoulders of a child—a model for 'The Catechist' (587). A landscape study (588); tinted 'View of Sorrento' (591), very fine; 'Hop-pickers' (592), equally good in their way.

Among the studies for and in oil paintings of Italian subjects, the most completed and best were 'The Monk's Benediction' (628); 'Procession of the Host, Naples' (629); 'Fisherman, Naples' (631); 'Monks returning to the Convent'—full of variety in design (632); and 'Door of a Church' (634). Out of a dozen framed and glazed drawings, 'The Morning Lesson' (649) struck us as the best,—where all were remarkable for beauty.

A tinted study of 'Raffaello's Villa in the Borghese Gardens' (695) presented a capital study of the spot. The 'Market People, Naples' (701)—also tinted—recalled the bustle of the scene, and almost its noise. A 'Farm-yard study at Sheffield' (728) has rarely been surpassed for truth and completeness. A fine study of 'A Glade' (744); and an interesting sketch for the picture of 'Sunday Morning.' Among the Italian subjects for the last day's sale, the most remarkable were 'A Monk blessing Little Children,' (761); 'Shepherd Dogs, Rome' (762); 'Naples,' a sketch for 'The Sultry Day' (763); 'Monks examining the Image of a Saint, Naples' (768); 'A Roman Cacciatore' (769); 'Roman Children' (771); 'Neatly reposing' (773); 'Wine Carrier, Rome' (774); 'Peasant Girls, Nice' (778); 'The Priest of St. Antonio blessing the Horses' (779); 'Roman Sportsman' (780); 'Roman Pipers' (781); 'Roman Goat-herd' (782); and two life-sized studies exhibited at the Royal Academy—one entitled 'A Patriarch' (783)—the head of an old man, with lengthened beard, in a picturesque black and yellow costume; the other called 'Antonio' (784)—a young man with black hair and moustache; Vandijkish in feeling. These last two were the finished works of the collection. We have been obliged to content ourselves with such an enumeration as we could make in a small and crowded room, on a hot day; and when a portion only of the property could be shown.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. G. Harvey in *Quitting the Manse* (540)—an incident of the Scottish Church secession in 1843—has essayed a large composition; in which, as far as the plan of the work is concerned, there is sound thinking and good intention; but so much to be objected to in respect of scale and want of proportion, as, despite of the presence of considerable character, to injure the whole. Added to this, the tints of the landscape have crept into the flesh, and given it "a green and sickly melancholy."—*The Italian Goatherd*, by W. Kennedy (556)—a landscape composition with figures—represents a sort of modern Actæon coming on a group of Nymphs luxuriating in the delights of the bath on the edge of a stream whose woody margin might have been expected to screen them from such intrusion. Had the painter sustained the interest in the figures which he has given to the landscape—had he taken the sylvan intruder as the key note of individuality in character and completion—given the female figures beauty of form and colour—he would have made a very telling picture. It is in the want of finish that its defect lies; and this is the more matter for surprise when we remember how admirably Mr. Kennedy has, on many occasions, treated matters for which his long education and practice have peculiarly fitted him.

In the Octagon Room, *The Duc de Sully bringing New Year's Gifts to Henri Quatre* (620) is an able composition by W. Carpenter, Jun. The painter has read his text well, and arranged his materials with considerable knowledge and mastery for pictorial effect. The individualities of the principal personages are well preserved—the drawing is in many parts firm. The style of painting is vigorous and decided; and the whole, as an essay on a large scale, is the best performance of one of our younger artists.

Lamercest Abbey (103), by W. J. Blacklock—though green and a little hard—is yet effective and true. *Sunset* (108), by the same hand, is not so good.

Mr. A. Vicker's *Banks of the Thames, near Bray* (139), like a similarly sized picture exhibited by him at the British Institution this season, is modest and atmospheric. It is refreshing to see such transcripts of Nature, simple though they be.

We only notice *Reposing after the Ball* (163), to remark in terms of censure on a degrading habit now gaining ground of attaching a title to a picture in a pun. Here, a boy fatigued after playing with a ball, and reclining on a table, is treated in all the obviousness of the commonplace, by Mr. W. H. Deverell. "Let the deed show," is an ancient motto. This mode of entitling a picture is but a low subterfuge to attract attention;—sure to lead to a disappointment and recoil on the painter.

A portrait of *The Marquis of Northampton, President of the Royal Society* (184), commenced by the late Thomas Phillips, R.A., has been ably finished by his son, Mr. H. W. Phillips. It is an excellent resemblance.—Mr. J. T. Eglinton's *Heath Scene, with Cattle* (201) is excellent. The rain is well expressed, and the whole effect good. We should like to see the painter in a work of larger scale and more pretension.—A very elaborately finished and able piece of individuality is a portrait of *The Rev. J. D. Simpson, M.A.* (218), by Mr. S. Cole.

Mr. Rood's *Children at a Stream* (227) is a clever conceit.—*On the Cad, Bickleigh Vale, Devonshire*, by Mr. W. Williams (235), is a true representation of a scene which we have more than once looked upon because it was so well sung by Carrington. The painter has laboured in congenial mood.—*A View off Holland* (312), by Mr. J. Maule—breezy and good—is, however, hung too high to enable a correct estimate of its merits to be formed. An excellent group of three figures *In the Brook* (319), is the performance of Mr. C. Dukes—and very much better than the picture by the same artist on which we remarked last week.

Mr. R. Jeffray has, in the treatment exhibited in his picture of *Sappho and Phaon* (335), shown a reminiscence of the manner of Eastlake.—*The Lesson* (375) is pleasingly done by Mr. C. Stonhouse.—Much of the ability exhibited in the grouping of *Peter denying Christ* (452), by Mr. H. Wheelwright, is detracted from by the prevalence of an earthy red tone.—Great ability is shown in Mr. J. Middleton's

Field Burn (454).—Mr. J. D. Harding's *Hastings, from under the East Cliffs* (489) is one of his most successful achievements in the new material to which he has now seemingly devoted himself, and for which he has renounced the aqueous element. It has more of nature and less of conventionalism than have been usual with him.—*The Magdalen* (502), by Mr. Marshall Claxton—a study of a single figure—strikes us as a better result than his larger and more ambitious composition.—Mr. J. West has contributed, in 497, an excellent resemblance of the Apostle of Temperance, *Father Mathew*.

Mr. W. Simson's only picture here, *The Goss Chaise* (501), is a good study of a not very interesting incident in Kensington Gardens; and the choice of subject is to be regretted, because Mr. Simson is an artist of great power, from whom more important things are to be expected.—Very like a portrait by one of the Florentine masters is that of *A Gentleman* (532), by T. R. Lassouquere. Though the subject is far from attractive, the painter's art has invested it with much interest.—There is some excellent painting in Mr. G. E. Hering's *Gulf of Spezia* (557)—particularly in the sky. We have never seen Mr. T. S. Boys so successful in an oil picture before as in the *Rue de la Tuile, Rouen*. It is marked by great sense of truth.

Lord William Russell's *Last Interview with his Family, the day before his Execution*, 1683, by Mr. John Bridges (585), is a difficult subject out of which to make anything new; yet the artist has displayed in it more sense of the pathetic, than manipulative excellence. This is, however, a leaning on the right side. The admirers of Mr. Wingfield's compositions will not be so well satisfied as usual with his *Summer Recreation* (598).—Good style is shown in an original-looking portrait of *Dr. Snow* (601), by Mr. T. J. Barker.—One of the best small church exteriors is that of *St. Owen, Rouen, Normandy*, by Mr. E. A. Goodall.—A very clever modest production is a *Village School* (609), by A. Provia.—An effective sunset in a *View on the Coast, near Lyme Regis* (611), is from the pencil of Mr. W. Havell.

Donna Josephina (612) has given Señor Escasena a capital occasion to present us with a portrait of one of his Andalusian beauties. A very promising composition is *Elvira* (613), by Mr. J. E. Millais; who, if he study and be not led away by the mistaken encomiums of friends, may do well.—A highly conventional rendering characterizes Mr. Bright's *Remains of St. Benedict's Abbey, on the Norfolk Marshes—Thunder Storm clearing off* (621). Dexterity and flippancy of execution, pushed to the extreme—as seen in the handling of the clouds with the palette knife—are not the methods by which the most renowned of landscape painters have achieved their fame; and Mr. Bright is capable of better things.—Mr. C. Steedman's *Fish Girl* (622) is a good study.—Mr. A. Montague's *Cottage near Windsor* (623), is too slight—and not worthy of the artist.—*The Braves Sabot—a Scene in the Hautes Alpes, near Gap*, (635), by M. A. du Buisson, is a vivid representation of the frightful danger to which the inmates of a diligence are exposed from the breaking of the shoe. The vehicle is seen at a sharp turn in the road about to topple over and roll down the precipice, if the horse, which is now down, and the remainder of the team do not exercise all their strength, and at the very instant pull the axle round. The moment of suspense is shared by the spectator. The incident, as we have shown, is well expressed—but the execution is indifferent. A very capital little scene *On the French Coast*, by Mr. John Wilson (651), is not to be overlooked—possessing, as it does, all his accustomed vigour and breadth. *A Scene on the South Side of the Vale of Ecclesbourne, near Hastings, Sussex* (655), by Mr. H. B. Willis, is well painted; but the sky is too much impasted and coarse. Mr. P. Van Schendel has in his *Dutch Market—with Effects of Candlelight and Moonlight* (657), indulged in another Schalcken-like version—to our taste not so good as that exhibited by him lately at the British Institution.

Two pictures in the Miniature Room are placed so high that we can hardly discern their details.—*The Vicar of Wakefield when prepared for Church on the first Sunday after the Loss of his Fortune* (746), by Mr. A. Solomon—and *May-Day Morning a Century Ago* (940), by Mr. T. F. Marshall. As far as we can judge, they are elaborated compositions, full of

detail in the style of Mr. Frith.—A similar remark as to elevation of position applies to the lunette-shaped performance of Mr. W. Maddox, *Naomi, Ruth and Orpah* (816); though, being a little nearer to the eye and with less of detail, we are enabled to speak of it as a work of much merit, which we should have been glad to have seen more closely. The name of the painter is new to us; but sufficient is seen to warrant the assumption that he will soon make it generally known. *Bassanio commenting on the Caskets* (865), by Mr. J. C. Hook, the Academy travelling student, is hardly such a subject as we should have expected from the painter of *Rizpah on the Battle Field*—the present picture having no reference to the peculiar nature of those studies or of the work which entitled him to his selection.

A striking contrast is exhibited between two pictures that hang next to each other: *Cattle fording a Stream, Scene in Cumberland*, (1074), by Mr. E. Williams, Sen.—a moonlight effect, and *Windsor Forest* (1075) by Mr. E. J. Cobbett—with an effect of sunlight. Both are very creditable productions.—A great deal of talent is shown in *Charity* (1180), by Mr. T. Brooks;—and a good commencement of a career in 1182, by Mr. W. Gale. In Mr. W. Gilbert's *Don Quixote at the Castle of the Duke* (1183) we see the never-failing consequence of a system of isolated attention to any one individual portion of the art—a want of cultivation and knowledge of the other constituents. Mr. Gilbert's name is, we believe, familiar as the illustrator of weekly periodicals; after whom are engraven those spirited wood-cuts which now form a remarkable feature in Art as enlisting the popular sympathies of the day. The readiness of fancy and facility of sketching which he possesses in an eminent degree are just fitted for the purposes of the hebdomadal design; but must be condensed and combined with higher attributes to make a picture. The design which may be suggestive on wood requires higher treatment for a finished work; and it is a question whether this able draughtsman in his line would not do more justice to his peculiar and acknowledged powers by postponing his exhibition of pictures until he shall have accomplished himself in the several excellencies which are requirements of a work like the present.

The increase in size of the water-colour pictures on many formerly coming under the denomination of miniatures—a title now, from that circumstance, inappropriate—has not brought with it an increase of excellence. The qualities of refinement, delicacy, and finish visible not only in the oil miniature of the time of Charles the First and the Commonwealth in England, and of Louis Quatorze in France—but even until within the last few years to be seen on the walls of this Exhibition—are abandoned, from an ambitious desire to produce water-colour portraits on a large scale, and this applies as well to productions on paper as to those on ivory. In proportion as these latter are extended in scale they lose in refinement; what they gain in size they lack in delicacy;—and we doubt the wisdom of the attempt at such schemes of effects as were employed by Rembrandt, Vandyke, or Reynolds—those artists having constructed most of their larger portraits for appreciation in great rooms and to be seen at great distances. Water-colour copies on a small scale we regard not as transcripts—memoranda from larger works done to fulfil particular conditions—either made for the artist's convenience as objects of study where time and space preclude his copying the picture of the size of the original,—or when in the possession of the amateur, as a recollection of a large work with which he is obliged to content himself from hopelessness, however great may be his means, of possessing the original. The soundness of the judgment may then be doubted which attempts effects that, while they do not realize in excellence what it is the avowed intention of their authors to rival, sacrifices the condition and qualities for which miniatures have hitherto been distinguished—aiming, with one or two triumphant exceptions, only at a satisfaction of the memory.

As on former occasions Sir William Ross's contributions are conspicuous in his own walk. They are distinguished by fine drawing, fine taste, great truth of colour—especially in the flesh—and a propriety of effect which makes them exceptions to the remarks just made. There is no straining after particular effects—no violence of contrast, in form or colour.

Everything is unobtrusive, quiet and probable; yet given with the spirit which is felt, but not obvious, in Nature. His art has a rare combination of delicacy with force, of rich colour and sobriety of taste—and a pencilling that is studiously subordinated to the general effect. He has, to use a hackneyed phrase, the *ars celare artem*. His largest study, that of *Miss Burdett Coutts* (830)—a whole-length of that lady resting on the back of a chair—though wanting in the attractions of beauty, is an instance of the painter's mastery in the management of details. To make a picturesque combination out of an interior with furniture, &c. has taxed skill in arrangement; and the result is a proof of his power to do this. In *Mrs. Dent* (842) he has had to deal with beauty; and the picture is a union of the ideal and the natural. Since the days of Lawrence we have scarcely looked on such an embodiment of feminine attraction. *Mrs. Alfred Montgomery* (795), *Mrs. Manaton Pipon* (834), *Mrs. Leigh* (857), *Mrs. Robertson and Children* (810), are all admirable portraits. In the portrait of *Richard Durant* (774), Sir W. Ross exhibits equally his perception of manly vigour. The head is a *chef-d'œuvre* of modelling and tinting;—and so, of another kind and complexion, is *The Earl of Shaftesbury* (833). As a whole, these contributions may challenge competition in their department with any age or school.

Mr. Alfred Chalon's single miniature *The Portrait of Madame Acuna* (820) is antithetical in style to all the foregoing—making the art in another way equally subordinate to the expression of the idea of a grandly formed figure. Though but a small portion only is seen, from its position, it is touched in with a mastery that possesses the spectators thoroughly of the character represented. Wanting the artificial aids of costume, this picture has a chasteness and simplicity with which the exuberance of the portrait-painter's fancy too rarely permits him to rest content. Mr. Newton's portrait of *Sir Henry Ellis* (799) is a good-natured resemblance of the Head Librarian of our National Museum;—and Mr. F. Cruickshank's *Lieut.-Gen. Sir Howard Douglas* (720) a manly representation of the warrior, given in an excellent picture. Mr. C. J. Basché's *Mrs. Reginald Cocks* (752) would not have lost in interest as a whole-length had it been diminished in scale.

Mr. Thorburn has sent his full complement of eight—all as large or larger than usual—but not likely to be considered as advances on his works of previous years. In the laudable desire to be simple and chaste it is possible to merge into flatness and monotony; and it is the latter tendency more especially, based on a consideration of the tone of old oil pictures—the character of much of which is often dependent on accident or time, place or chemical change,—that we fear has made the painter's eye lose sight of the freshness of Nature. The power of reading aright in such particulars argues a very nice judgment. We give the preference to *Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Belgium* (780) as a naïve personification of girlish beauty; while it is less exceptionable in point of colour—having, in fact, that amount of cold colour and freshness which gives vivacity of effect, and is adapted to the character and age of the subject. In the group of *Mrs. Fowler Broadwood and her Family* (766), much pictorial science is shown; and one of the children is exquisite in form. *The Hon. Mrs. Maynard* (775) is a much more agreeable picture than the *Viscountess Pottinger* (895), as, indeed, she was a better subject. *Mrs. Molin* (821) is strong in the peculiarities of the artist's style. *His Royal Highness the Duke of Brabant* is more interesting from its subject than its art. *The Viscountess Maidstone* (877) has been better represented here than in another version. The remaining contribution of this artist (918), *Lord William Beresford, Captain of the 2nd Life Guards*, exhibits all the worst points of the painter's manner. It is in every respect one of his least successful efforts—and certainly not agreeable as a picture.

Mr. Carriek's rendering (785) of *Lord Lyndhurst*, evidences that the veteran lawyer shows the passage of years. There is much character in the picture. The same artist's portrait of *Philip Howard, the Member for Derby* (856) is very near being a good resemblance; and is in that respect better than Mr. J. Hayter's chalk-drawing of the architect *Charles Barry, Esq. R.A.* (866).—It would be impossible to particularize

more among the miniatures without noticing almost all—seeing that there are so many of an average degree of merit.—We must be content, then, to pass on to the drawings.

One of the most remarkable is that by Mr. Uwins of *Cupid and Psyche*, from the fable of Apuleius. It served as a cartoon or preparation for a picture which the artist painted for the Court. Mr. Mulready's *Sketch* (996) in red chalk is masterly; showing his knowledge of the human form;—and his *Portrait of a Child* (1037) is full of beauty in the making out, and exhibits in every line the painter's study of form and acquaintance with structure. Mr. Jones's chiar-oscuro drawings, designs for *Altar Piece* (951), *Enigma* (961), and a subject *From Job* (973), are additional proofs of the classical feeling of their author, and if carried out would have made highly interesting pictures. Mrs. Carpenter's study of the *Children of George Eyre, Esq.* expresses infantine forms with her accustomed skill. It is, however, to the drawing of portraiture by Mr. George Richmond that we must turn for delineation of character, excellence of drawing, and power of modelling and relief—though this year we cannot add improvement in colour. The painter must not allow his neutral tints to merge into blackness. *Neil Malcolm, Esq.* (1016) is a fine manly presentment; and his wife (1009) is as delicate as the former is vigorous. *Lady Colman* (1027) is full of individual character and excellently modelled. *The Daughters of Harford Ballersby* (1052) exhibit grace without affectation.—*Mrs. Gibbs* (1002) is solemn and stately.—The rest are marked by the decision of Mr. Richmond's style.

Mr. Bartholomew has a very beautiful study of *Paeonies* (1010). His drawings of such matters always afford pleasure because they appear to have cost him just such an outlay of time as enables him in a very expressive touch to give the peculiarities of the objects without fatiguing our optic sense.—Mrs. Murray, formerly Miss Heaphy, has contributed an interesting subject in a *Portrait of His Majesty Otho the First, King of Greece* (967). It bears a strong resemblance to his father, the poet-king, Leopold of Bavaria—though the figure is certainly too tall.—No. 1011 is an admirable study of an Italian head; and a carrier pigeon, with a letter, denominated *Launch of the Homeward-bound* (1012), by Mr. Alfred Chalon, is refined and full of fancy. Mr. F. Tatham's portrait of *Ernst the Violinist* (1030) has all the character and tristeness of the original—and is very like.

We must direct attention to two beautiful mezzotint prints by Mr. S. Cousins. One is the portrait of *Miss Peel* (1060)—the head of which for beauty of execution has rarely been surpassed. The other, *Christ weeping over Jerusalem, after the picture by C. L. Eastlake* (1069), has realized all that it promised when in progress.—A third, and last, noticeable print is one from a long picture painted by Landseer for the Marquis of Lansdowne, entitled *Crossing the Bridge*, and engraved by J. T. Willmore. He has done honour to himself and justice to the painter in a work which, as a specimen of the engraver's art—a piece of mechanical skill, putting aside the superior considerations of judgment and science—is entitled to rank in its department with any; and, in its style, we know nothing foreign at the present time to compete with it. It shows Mr. Willmore to be a philosopher in his art. A few such examples would, in this time of their deficiency, do much for the character of line engravings.

Sculpture.

On returning to the Sculpture Gallery for a fresh glance at such works as demand particular attention, the eye is inevitably caught by one of those pieces of extravagance which—less often of late than some few years ago—proclaim the worst tendencies of the English school. The desire for exaggerated and convulsive effect—that at once exalts the materialities of Sculpture over its spiritualities as agents, and deals even with the former in defiance of all the established canons of which the latter have the supreme guardianship—has seldom been more offensively exhibited than in Mr. A. Brown's figure of *Satan falling from Heaven* (1334).—

Him the Almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from th'eternalsky,
With hideous rain and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition.

For a sculptural error like this the example of one of our greatest living sculptors is not blameless; and it may serve as another warning of the responsibilities of genius—whose sporting, in its own consciousness of power, on dangerous ground has the effect of bewitching weaker spirits where they cannot tread without being lost. It was thus that Michael Angelo led his school to that gulf in modern Art, along whose edge he reared his own stupendous miracles. The innovations of master minds both serve as the temptation to less judicious rashness and are afterwards pointed to for its justification. The modern instance to which we have referred, however, cannot with any degree of fairness be pleaded to justify an amount of extravagance like this of Mr. Brown's. The sculptor to whom we allude has frequently strained the canons of his art, but never defied them. He has sought to push its means to consequences which they are not capable of sustaining—but it is the principles of the art themselves with which he has so tampered—thus carrying the certain corrective along with him into the closest neighbourhood of abuse on which he has ventured. Mr. Brown has flung the principles themselves overboard when he flung his Satan from Heaven; and wrought as if he had sought to make his work a new and indirect affirmation of the acknowledged truths of his art by the very wildness of his direct contradiction. Satan, a huge figure—whose violence of attitude and action demanded, and have received, the expressions of powerful muscular development and a certain shadowy grandeur—is in the act of rapid descent—illustrated in an art whose essential qualities and first canon are calmness and repose. The artist has, with a *curiosa felicitas* of misjudgment, so peculiarly chosen his ground as to be in direct and obvious contradiction—not only with his art, as we have said, but—with his own talents. The more successful he may have been in conveying the first impression of headlong downward descent, the more instant is the following feeling of offence to the mind at the stationary reality of the falling mass. Of very purpose, he has suggested the precise exemplification which brings most prominently out the impracticabilities of his art. Exactly that which, by the uniform recognition of its professors, Sculpture cannot do, is that which he has here conjured it to do. The mere massiveness of the materials should have forbidden this use of them. There is cleverness of modelling in the figure; but, as we have said, the power of the artist's spell summons the very idea which shatters the spell itself. The first momentary effect—but for a certain sense of material exaggeration—is good; but that effect itself becomes a source of disappointment, and finally of pain, as we gaze. Sustained by nothing, the monster-spirit flounders for ever in the air; still in the same place—where, if the mere physical characters be well rendered, it is written on themselves that he could not stay a moment. Each time that we return and find him—where the artist has exhausted his ability expressly to show that he could not be—the thought of a miracle arises; but then, this miracle is not in the artist's text—nor in his genius. It would be a relief to see anything by which the vast-limbed and unspiritual spirit might hold. For our own case, we would fling him a rock if we could. A cloud passing underneath him would give us comfort. The magnets that accounted for Mahomet's suspension in his tomb would be an unspeakable blessing. The only resource possible here, as in cases of nightmare, is to move—away; and forget, if possible, Mr. Brown's falling 'Satan.'

Mr. Crowley's *Drowned Youth* (1313), though canonical sculpture strictly speaking, is another mistake as to the aims and purposes of the art. Our memory is not sufficiently precise to inform us if this be the same work which the artist exhibited, under the title of *Leander*, at Westminster Hall in 1845; but if not, it is one of similar kind—and it demands in either case a repetition of such criticism as we then offered. It is bold and daring in treatment—affects to give to a single figure the effect of a picture—but abdicates in favour of mere drawing all the higher qualities which inform sculpture with a living spirit. Works like this are little better than conundrums of the art. No meanings are attempted beyond those which mechanical suggestions can reach. The figure of the drowned youth lies just as the waves may have cast it up—bent nearly into a

semicircle—the limbs flung about in that uncomposure which the sea has communicated to them, yet rapidly stiffening into the rigidity of death—and the wild hair seems heavy with its weight of water. To such expression as can be conveyed by mere clever modelling Mr. Crowley shows himself equal. The posture of every limb proclaims inevitably the tyranny of the tempest: but that deserves no higher name than statuary which deals with none of the animating expressions. The work is picturesque and ambitious—and arrests the eye on the score of curiosity; but offers nothing afterwards to detain it. On the anatomical accuracy we would not undertake in so eccentric an exhibition to offer an opinion; but there is nothing here that offends the judgment beyond the evident attempt to be mechanically remarkable. Once more we will counsel Mr. Crowley, as we have already done, not to be content with mere ingenuities—to keep clear of extravagance in form, and look into the spiritualities of his art if he would be a sculptor.

Mr. Papworth's *Virginia* (1312) is a very similar subject very differently treated. She, too, (it is, as we have before said, the Virginia of Bernardin St. Pierre's novel) is the victim of the storm; but the taste of the sculptor has arranged the dead limbs into the decent composure which suits the solemnities of his art, and saved her beauty from the wreck of her life. Ready for interment "in the church of the shaddock grove where she had delighted to repose, seated by the side of him she called her brother," the first glimpse at the figure reveals the presence of death—though the mere technical expression of the stiffened limb and rigid feature has not been relied on to tell that story. It is a sentimental revelation from the entire work. Nay, so much freedom—poetical licence we will call it—has been used with the dead forms as to gain out of their round and curved outlines great variety—which yet takes nothing from the mournful meaning of the whole and throws no doubt in the way of its true interpretation. The work is highly creditable to Mr. Papworth's chisel.

We have had so much to say in favour of Mr. Marshall's 'Sabrina,' and expect so much from this artist, that we have the less reluctance in dissenting from those who see a work of equal merit in his *Eurydice* (1316)—

She, luckless wandering, or by fate misled,
Chanced on a lurking viper's crest to tread;
The vengeful beast, inflamed with fury, starts,
And through her heel his dreadful venom darts.
Thus was she snatched untimely to the tomb,
Her growing years cut short and springing bloom.

The moment chosen by the sculptor is that which should combine in the expression of the victim the sudden pain of the wound and horror at its cause. This double agony we find neither in the figure nor the face. The posture of *Eurydice* in the act of receiving her death pang is, in the first instance, we think, ill chosen, both as a matter of taste and interpretation; and her action suggests to our apprehension none of the fearful meanings of that moment of suffering. But for the verses in the Catalogue and the visible viper in the sculpture, *Eurydice* might as well have some other name: and, indeed, without the aid of the former the latter does not altogether succeed in telling its story—for the lady, though certainly looking back on the reptile which has stung her, might be supposed to be doing so rather with a view to Natural History inquiries than in the agony of a present suffering and the horror of a coming doom.

As our present notice may be said to have got principally amongst the Curiosities of Sculpture, we must assign a distinguished place in the category to Mr. Bozzoni's illustration (1318) of a passage from the *Æneid*. Save for the following lines, the work is without a title:—

"Accept, great goddess of the woods," he said,
"Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid:
Through air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine,
And the first weapons that she knows are thine."
He said, and with full force the spear he threw:—
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.

The father of Camilla, in fact, has tied his very peculiar looking infant to the end of his spear; and is swinging her there, "to get way on her," as it were, for her dedicatory flight. It is not without difficulty that we resign the first impression made by the work, that the author has designed burlesque,—and intended to perpetrate a very bad sculpture pun by offering his

work as an illustration of "throwing the lass-O!" But, seriously—if the sculptor meant to be serious—it is incredible how any man having the instincts of Art could have selected so unpromising a subject or rendered it by so uncouth a performance. In the most skillful hands it could scarcely have escaped the ludicrous; but with the forms here given it nears the grotesque. The novelty of rocking a baby on a spear's point, and the unfathomable earnestness of the warrior engaged in doing so, are of the very elements out of which men work for caricature—only wanting some familiar moral to give point to the combination. Mr. Bozzoni mistakes all the meanings and aims of his art. Such a theme, offering no possible material of grace or dignity to sculpture, would never have been chosen in any day; but to the reasons which would have warned the classical sculptor off such ground are now to be added the reasons which should keep the modern artist off classical ground altogether:—and these combined make out a strong case against Mr. Bozzoni in the present Exhibition-room of the Royal Academy.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPERIMENTS.

May 11.
[We give the following—which is the essential—portion of a further letter that we have received on this subject from M. Claudet: and having done so, the rival experimentalists must be left to establish their claims by their several works rather than through the medium of our columns.]

Mr. Kilburn has discovered no new agent in Photography; he has merely lately made an experiment which has been tried before him, several years ago, by many photographers. The light of a dip candle, of a lamp, of a tar or gas burner,—the light produced by the combustion of any other substance,—have all been known from the commencement of photography to have a photogenic property quite similar to that produced by the light of the sun, but varying only in intensity. Seven years ago [see *Phil. Mag.* Sept. 1840.] Prof. Draper found that various artificial lights had the property of affecting the iodized Daguerre-type plate, although it was nearly 100 times less sensitive than the iodobromized plate we now use in the Daguerreotype process. Mr. Goddard in 1841, during repeated lectures at the Polytechnic Institution, and once at the London Institution, obtained the image of busts and other objects by the gas light and oxy-hydrogen light. During the last few years of the existence of the Adelaide Gallery, my assistant has, in public lectures given every week at this Institution, produced similar effects in illustration of the process. Mr. Robert Hunt has also performed the same experiment before the audience of several scientific institutions. In the year 1841, I have myself taken portraits from *Nature* by the oxy-hydrogen light; and the specimens, particularly my own portrait, which I have preserved as a curiosity, have been exhibited at the Royal Institution and several others. Two years ago I obtained impressions by the light of the moon, and even by the light of the stars. The specimens have been exhibited at the *Soirée* of the Marquis of Northampton, at the Royal Institution; and an account has been given of these experiments in the *Athenæum* and several other papers. About the same time I produced the image of an alabaster bust by the light of a dip candle,—also by the light of an argand lamp; the specimen of which has been shown to Prof. Faraday and several other scientific persons. Besides all photographers know so well that the light even of a dip candle has a photogenic effect upon their plates, that they avoid with the greatest care exposing them to that light during the different stages of the process. Mr. Kilburn, therefore, has found nothing new;—and as the portrait of Mr. Lyell which he has taken is only the copy of a lithographic print, and not from Mr. Lyell himself, his experiment will surprise no photographer, and lead to no new discovery.

A. CLAUDET.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—A correspondent suggests to the Committee for the Restoration of St. John's Gate the propriety of having a box affixed to some conspicuous part of the edifice, labelled "Subscriptions for the Restoration;" and is of opinion that "there are many persons who would thus silently contribute for the purpose, who would like neither the trouble nor parade of taking it to the appointed place for receiving subscriptions." We give the hint, as he requests,—but without any opinion, for ourselves, of its value. We

the class of

serious instincts of subject or e. In the en it near on a speaker of the wa- ements out ly wanting combination. and aims of le material never have isons which or off such sons which cal ground ut a strong Exhibition.

May 11.

—portion of subject from ornamenting their several columns. ent in Pho- experiment years ago, dip candle, it produced —have all photography similar to that ying only in Mog. Sept. tificial lights Daguerreo- times less now use in and in 1841, hnic Institu- on, obtained the gas light few years of assistant has, a Institution, of the process. the same ex- scientific myself taken in light; and trait, which I exhibited at

Two years of the moon, he specimens e Marquis of on; and an ments in the About the labaster bust e light of an is been shown tific persons, that the light effect upon e greatest care e different therefore, has of Mr. Lyell lithographic is experiment and to no new CLAUDET.

nggests to the in's Gate the e conspicuous here are many te for the pub- nor parade of ving subscrip- requests, but its value. We

think the old gate would have ample time to crumble away ere it could be repaired by any such casual droppings; and do not consider after all, its restoration so imperative a matter as to justify the resort to this eleemosynary form of subscription. "Remember the poor gate!" seems to us no more powerful formula of adjuration than the appeals which the committee have from time to time made to the professional and dilettanti patrons of ancient monuments. If the old gate cannot owe its restoration to Taste, we think it has small hope from Charity:—and we cannot see that there is any such "parade" in sending a subscription for the purpose as even the most modest man need shrink from. We do not feel that a contribution to the restoration of St. John's Gate comes properly within the category of those good deeds which men have any reason to do by stealth or blush for the fame of. We recommend our correspondent to put a handsome sum in a box of his own—or any other kind of package—and send it boldly to the committee—taking the chance of the notoriety. We venture to say that he will do a useful thing—and not be at all a marked man in consequence.

Another correspondent who writes to us on the subject of the monster statue by which Hyde Park Corner is infested—to express his indignant apprehension at the removal of a considerable portion of the scaffolding—is more than commonly demonstrative on the accumulated claims of the whole combination to the denunciation of taste—and earnestly entreats us to help him in getting the group down from its "bad eminence." "Why, sir," he says, "in my humble opinion, this statue has really not one redeeming quality. First, there is its enormous disproportion to the Arch (to say nothing of the propriety of placing it on an arch at all)—then, the disproportion between the height of the Duke's figure and the size of the horse—then, the same may be said with regard to the parts of the horse itself; the fore-quarters appearing to belong to a smaller horse than the hind quarters—then, there is the disproportion between the length of the horse, head and neck, the awkward manner in which the head is attached to the latter, and the nose being more like a snout—and, also, there is the position of the right hip (perhaps the greatest display of want of knowledge in the whole statue); which is in an impossible position. Then, if we cast the eye over the surface of the horse's body, what a knotty, hard, rigid surface is presented to our view! How untrue to Nature! How unlike the beautiful undulating soft surface of the natural horse's body! What do all these marks mean? What state is the animal intended to be in, with its muscles thus represented half tense half relaxed while he is standing still? Where is there any natural feeling for the elevated, the true, and the simple, to be found? Faulty in all its particulars," he adds, "perhaps its *tout-ensemble* is still more condemnable—for a more unmeaning, commonplace unelevated work I never saw."—Our correspondent must know that we have not needed this energetic remonstrance of his to engage our own on the subject of the unaccountable delay which has taken place in the removal of this group—and looks really like a trifling with the public impatience. The perverseness is sufficiently provoking which has taken care that our bad taste should not be redeemed until we had fully reasoned it in the eyes of the foreigners who crowd London at this season of the year. Impressions of the monotony have been taken off for recollection to all the art-capitals of Europe previously to its disappearance. A mystery attends all our doings in these matters which is beyond the popular fathoming. Nothing would seem easier than to have taken down the work when it was once determined that when it should come; but all the resources of a government like ours appear unequal to the lowering of a statue or the rearing a column.—As we said last week, however, we cannot but have a final faith in the promise of Lord Morpeth given in the face of the country—and the permanent trifling with which is now for a moment to be anticipated: and as our correspondent says that he has himself received a private letter from the noble lord to the same effect, in the matter, we believe, may be left in the hands of the Government—with only the remark that "were well were done quickly."

The picture by Edwin Landseer of the Honourable

Charles Ponsonby, third son of Lord de Mauley, mounted on a pony and just returned from rabbit shooting—which was exhibited some seasons since at the Royal Academy—is now on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's in Pall Mall East, previously to its being engraved.

Mr. John Burnett's promised treatise on the character and beauty of the human countenance, "exemplified in the heads of the various races of the civilized world," will, we hear, shortly make its appearance, enriched with numerous graphic illustrations.

The following gentlemen probationers were admitted as students of the Royal Academy on the 26th of April last:—W. E. Pozzi, H. White, W. Hay, C. J. Browne, R. W. Margesson, H. H. Armstead, E. R. White, H. Darvall, T. J. J. Wyatt, J. Palmer, J. Barrett, W. Ruddle, A. Munro, E. J. Physick, J. Lawler, J. Kirk, T. Hayes, G. Aitchison, C. Eldred, J. G. Gregory, E. J. N. Stevens, J. Burrell, W. Reynolds, R. Hutchinson, V. W. Arnold, C. Poland, and T. G. Kimpton. The following obtained permission to study from the life:—J. L. Solomon, N. E. Green, C. Collins, W. F. D'Almaine, L. Wyon, W. H. Hunt, and W. Jackson. Having been informed that the above information will be welcome to many of our readers, we will endeavour from time to time to supply it.

The unfortunate competition for a prize picture of 'The Baptism of Christ in the River Jordan' is not yet brought to an end. With their 1,000*l.* in their hand, Messrs. Bell and Roe seem unable to get out of their entanglement. How they would have managed if they had succeeded in summoning all Europe into their Art-lists, as they proposed, they may now conjecture. "The romantic officers of the prize," says a daily contemporary, "are perfectly willing to pay the money, but the competing artists have thrown certain unforeseen obstacles in their way. The difficulty is in part occasioned by the terms of the advertisement, by which it was agreed that 'The competing artists (being so far their own judges) shall, by successive eliminations, reduce the number of paintings to five, out of which we (Messrs. Bell and Roe) will select the one to which the prize shall be awarded.' This reduction of the number to five has led to a kind of cabal, to the consequent exclusion of Mr. Fisk from the number of five, and (as it is said in professional circles) to something a good deal worse. The terms require that the money must be paid before the close of the exhibition."

The daily papers announce the death of Mr. Henry Meyer, the portrait painter and engraver, in the 65th year of his age.—The Paris journals mention the death, at Saint Lô, after a long and painful illness, of the eminent French miniature painter, M. Saint.

At Berlin, the veteran sculptor, M. de Schadow—who, as our readers know, is Director of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in that capital—has been receiving public honours on the occasion of the 88th anniversary of his birthday.

The *Cambridge Advertiser* gives some account of the further improvements projected in Ely Cathedral by the Dean and Chapter. One of these is to throw open all the thearches of the present choir to the side aisles—restoring the tombs of Bishops de Luda, Redmayn, Kilkenny, Hotham, Barnett, and Northwold, and that of Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester; and bringing into view the magnificent series of monuments, as well as the beautiful monumental chapels of Bishops Alcock and West. Another and a more extensive and expensive plan is to extend the restorations to the great lantern; and complete the corona of turrets and pinnacles of the exterior octagon as originally designed. The former of these improvements would cost, says the paper in question, at least 8,000*l.*—while the latter would require a much larger sum. An effort is being made to raise the required amount by an appeal to the lovers of ecclesiastical architecture and those who are connected with the Cathedral by local and other associations. The lesser improvement mentioned would have the effect of leaving nearly unbroken the entire view of the Cathedral from its western to its eastern end. A subscription has already been commenced, headed by the Lord Bishop of Ely for 500*l.*, followed by the Dean and Chapter for 1,000*l.* There are many other handsome sums subscribed,—from the Dean, the Canons,

the Duke of Bedford, and others—amounting altogether to upwards of 3,000*l.*

Four new colossal allegorical statues have been recently erected at the corners of the Pont du Carrousel, in completion of the improvements which that bridge has been undergoing. They represent severally the City of Paris, the Seine, Industry, and The Arts—the two former on the side of the Quai Voltaire and the latter in front of the gallery of the Louvre.

The discourse delivered by the Viscount Héricourt de Thury over the tomb of the Count de Clarac in January last has come into our hands; and from it we may furnish, in addition to our former notice of his loss, an enumeration of the latter's titles to regret among archaeologists, cultivators of natural history, and the friends generally of the sciences and arts. The Count de Clarac's early years were spent in arms amid the wars that arose out of the first French Revolution; and his earliest scientific mission followed the disbanding of the army of Condé, when the amnesty of the First Consul had opened a door back for him into his country. On the recommendation of Denon, he was sent to Naples to stimulate and direct the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii; and there made important and interesting discoveries. In 1815, he set out on his search of the two Americas for their antiquities, then beginning to be spoken of; and concluded his long and learned wanderings by an examination of the archaeologically virgin forests of Brazil—from whence he brought rich portfolios of drawings of great value for their botanical and natural-history details. On his return, in 1818, the Count was made Conservator of the Museum of Antiquities in the Louvre,—an appointment which he lost no time in justifying by the work that he undertook for the classification and description of that great collection. Among his most important works, are the following: his continuation of Visconti's Description of the Museum in question; his many and learned dissertations on antique statues; those in particular on the statue known as the Orator—on the Germanicus, or some Roman personage in the character of Mercury—and on the Venus of Milo; his description of the most remarkable works of French sculpture and statuary of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, in the Gallery of Angoulême and Museum of the Louvre; his great undertaking, 'The Museum of Antique and Modern Sculpture,' or description of all that the Louvre and Tuileries contain most valuable in the form of statues, busts, bas-reliefs, altars, vases, columns, inscriptions, &c., and more than three thousand ancient statues of the principal museums of Europe,—with an Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Iconography. In the course of his voyages, he had collected a crowd of specimens of the most minute antiquity from the various countries which he had explored,—and formed a remarkable assemblage to which the archaeologists and artists of Europe had easy access, and which is now deposited in the Museum of Toulouse.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Grand Morning Performance.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—On FRIDAY, June 14th, when will be performed Rossini's 'STABAT MATER,' on which occasion Madame Grisi, Madame Persiani, Signora Corbasi, and Madlle. Alboni, Signor Mario, Signor Salvi, Signor Tamburini, Signor Ronconi, Signor Tagliacoco, and Signor Marini, will sing.

A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

In the course of the Morning, Rossini's 'La Carità' by the whole strength of the Company. Beethoven's Grand Battle Symphony will be performed by the Orchestra, with two additional Military Bands, under the direction of M. Costa. Prices of Admission—Pit and First Amphitheatre Tickets, 7*s.*; Pit Stalls, 15*s.*; First Amphitheatre Stalls, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Second Amphitheatre Stalls, 5*s.*; Grand Tier Boxes, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Pit and First Tier Boxes, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Second Tier Boxes, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Third Tier Boxes, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Fourth Tier Boxes, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Second Amphitheatre Tickets, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Gallery Tickets, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, at Cramer, Beale & Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and at the Box Office, Bow-street.

MUSICAL UNION.—JOACHIM'S FIRST PERFORMANCE at this Society, on TUESDAY, June 8, at Half-past Three o'clock.—Quartet, No. 16, in G, Haydn; Quartet, No. 3, Op. 4, in D, Mendelssohn; Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, Violin and Piano-forte, Beethoven. Executants—Joachim, Delfiore, Hill, and Housset; Pianoforte, Herr Schullhoff. Single Admissions, 10*s.* 6*d.* each, to be had on application to the Director, at Cramer, Beale & Co.'s, or to Olivier's, Music-sellers. J. ELLA, Director.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—Our gossip this week runs on musical curiosities and burlesques—the *Fifth Ancient Concert* furnishes its quota of the latter—thanks to Lord Howe and Sir H. R. Bishop, some of whose proceedings were calculated to disturb classical and orderly taste, as thoroughly as Horace

Walpole's sweet peas in his hair mystified the Fools of Quality he loved to laugh at. Did they, like him, mean a joke? In such case, the pleasantry was incompletely carried through. Madame Dorus-Gras is an admirable French concert singer; but why was she to sing 'With verdure clad,' and not Miss S. Novello some old scene by Rameau? Herr Staudigl is a noble basso; but, if dislocation was the order of the night—since the *contralto* song from 'Theodora' was allotted to him, Madame Caradori Allan has a right to take it in dudgeon that she was not promoted to some of *Osmyn's* bass comedy from 'Il Seraglio.' And, to make matters consistent, Sir Henry ought to have conducted in a *sacque*! This is not sarcasm for the sake of a smart paragraph; but because we cannot too pungently illustrate with ridicule the folly of measures like the above in the musical establishment which, above all others, can afford to dispense with bones, banjos, or more mitigated devices *ad captandum* like those adverted to. Then, the madrigals by Marczio, Di Lasso and Benet were coarsely given: how different from the performance of the same works at the *Vocal Society*! The *Concerto* by Geminiani, played by Mr. Blagrove, was so badly accompanied as to lose all clearness and contrast (and the music of Geminiani's period has none of the latter to spare)—the dainty *air* from 'Jean de Paris,' deliciously executed by Madame Dorus-Gras, was denied the support of a chorus—and Herr Pischek's admirable and expressive delivery of the scene between *Orestes* and the *Furies*, from 'Iphigénie en Tauride,' was nullified by the slatternliness of the latter, whose "snakes were all uncured" for the nonce. There is no need, we repeat, to measure our phrases; nor to mitigate the severe truth with regard to performances so artistically worthless—which, withal, have such royal means of becoming the reverse—as these Ancient Concerts.

EXETER HALL.—We but represent the feeling of a numerous audience in expressing our contentment with the performance of Handel's 'Alexander's Feast' and Mendelssohn's 'First Walpurgis Night,' on Monday evening. The choruses were sung by the pupils of Mr. Hullah's Upper Schools—conducted, for the first time this year, by Mr. Hullah. This, too, was their first entire performance with full orchestra (Mr. Willy's concert-band having been augmented for the occasion);—and by it they were fairly brought into comparison with the most renowned bodies of chorists at provincial festivals, society meetings, &c. They bring out of the trial the character of the best English chorus we ever heard. More volume of voice might have been desired in certain places; but it must be repeated, that a company of private individuals desiring to learn to sing, and of professional persons who are directed to vocal efforts by natural gifts, demand different standards of judgment; and any deficiency in amplitude of tone is made up for by the truth, delicacy and force of Mr. Hullah's pupils;—by their neatness of articulation and their finish of style. Dr. Mendelssohn's *Cantata* is a trying work: owing to the rapidity of many of the movements, and the awkwardness of the English words: which, where the original was to be closely followed, could hardly, perhaps, have been avoided. Nor let it be forgotten that but insufficient orchestral rehearsal was possible, as matters stand; and that the florid figures and accompaniments of the new school are apt to puzzle as much as to support those whose chief studies have been made without instrumental companionship. In the great "Walpurgis chorus," for instance, though there was no inaccuracy, nor wavering,—the chorus seemed to be made shy by one or other of the above causes. Two more performances would treble its effect, by increasing the confidence of the singers. So much for the principal feature of the meeting. Mr. Willy's concert-band meets another wish of ours, the progressive and entire fulfilment of which we trust will be hindered by no mischance:—while Mr. Hullah's conducting (he, too, appearing under somewhat new circumstances—namely, as heading an orchestra) was so good as to warrant our looking for our English conductor in him. Lastly, it was a pleasure to hear Miss Birch singing so well as in

* It is only fair to observe, that the position of a chorus mainly influences its effects;—and that the arrangement of Exeter Hall on the occasion of these performances—rendered inevitable by certain proceedings on the part of the *Sacred Harmonic Society*—is neither favourable to concentration nor to power.

the 'Alexander's Feast.' In the *soprano* music of that *cantata*, power, compass and brilliancy are required. These she always possesses; and on Monday displayed, in addition, a good taste, a pure intonation, and a clear articulation which are not "constant qualities" with her. The other singers were Miss Duval—who is steadily and meritorily rising into occupation—Mr. Manvers and Mr. Phillips.

Those who have followed us in our endeavours to recommend and encourage that which events have proved to be a sound system of vocal instruction will understand why, for once, we have reversed the natural order of topics,—have spoken first of the execution, and given Hullah precedence of Handel. 'Alexander's Feast' is hardly to be discussed in a paragraph. How could we dwell upon the *intention* and poetical comprehension of his poet which has presided over the Musician's labours—instancing the choruses 'Bacchus, ever fair and young,' the air and chorus 'He sung Darius,' the picturesque setting of 'Break his bands of sleep,' (which yet is essentially little more than the hackneyed stage battle *fanfare* and *rub-a-dub* of the drum turned to account) and calling attention to what seems to us a partial reading of the spirited passage 'Thais led the way,' in which Handel saw the voluptuous Helen rather than the fires of Troy by her kindled! How could we once again descant on the Master's wondrous variety in form and colour—to be proved if we but think of 'Acis and Galatea' in conjunction with this other secular work, or if together with its songs we recollect those of 'Semele.' Then it would be not unprofitable to anatomize such a piece of construction as 'The Many rend the skies,' where what sounds at first a stiff and angular phrase (on the words "but music won the cause") gains roundness and solidity by reiteration.† We could point out—no blind worshippers!—what seems almost the one only *dry* fugue by Handel which we recollect: the last chorus but one—where the Augustan turn of the lines,

The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store, &c. (not forgetting "Nature's mother wit") seems to have lain like an incubus on Handel's fancy,—usually genial, even when he chose to write *alla capella*. Mozart's handling of the work, moreover, in the wind parts which he added to the score, would furnish matter for discourse;—especially since the silence of the organ left the ear free to discern and separate old from new in a manner rarely permitted to us (this organ-silence, by the way, rendering a double neatness in the vocalists indispensable). But we can merely touch these points; leaving the treatment of them to persons more happily gifted with "retired leisure." Enough to say, that the hearing of 'Alexander's Feast' was a treat of great interest,—as such to be gratefully recorded.

Some little time, we apprehend, may elapse ere the 'First Walpurgis Night' is properly relished by a mixed English audience. The contrast, descriptive vigour and freshness of the music compel musical attention: but the sympathies of Exeter-Hall-goers are distanced by the subject. To look at the worship of the Pagans in an æsthetic or philosophical point of view (more especially when the Christians are the antagonistic party) is naturally beyond the power of those whose ideas of devotion are exclusively connected with church-going, and who are only beginning to emerge from that confusion of ideas in which the Oratorio has been countenanced by many worthy and scrupulous persons from some vague notion that it is an act of worship. Few, too, of those who listen to the Overture have come to consider it as a piece of descriptive music, in which "Winter's rage" gradually melts away before the delicious breathings of Spring. When this is recognized, the favourite passages will be listened for with a pleasure akin to that which waits on Beethoven's *Pastorale*, or on the fairy "harp, pipe, and symphony" in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music. Mendelssohn's peculiar fancy of continuity, too, is in one respect unfavourable to the enthusiasm of strangers. The audience, enchanted with the suppressed chorus 'Disperse,' narrowly missed gratifying itself with an *encore*, from uncertainty as to the point at which the movement closes. With each new hearing, however, the *Cantata* will

† A like example, which never fails to win upon us as the Chorus goes on, occurs to us in the 'Funeral Anthem' on the words 'He delivered the poor that cried.'

rise in everyone's good graces, whether heard before or after a work of Handel's.—We take leave of the performances of Mr. Hullah's Upper Schools for this season, with an assurance that they have been profitable in that most permanent of all gains,—increase of good repute. It has not fallen to our lot to report upon a series of concerts in every respect more praiseworthy.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Among the recent pianists with whom we have made acquaintance, none has pleased us so much as *M. Schulhoff*. First, because he is merciful, and does not oppress us—destroying the while his piano—by extravagant noise. Secondly, his tone is clear and telling and his touch elastic, without poverty or frivolity. Thirdly, he has a certain fanciful way with him—not rivalling, in truth, the fantasy of Chopin,—but, nevertheless, engaging the ear. Lastly, what he plays, though not meriting the "style and title" of high composition, is a relief from the second-hand transcriptions of operatic *finiales* and *fantasies* on opera airs with which we have been too indiscriminately deluged. So far as a single hearing justifies classification, we are disposed to place *M. Schulhoff* very near—if not precisely beside—*M. Döhler* among the pianists. There were other attractions at *M. Schulhoff's* concert beside his own. The *Helmbergers* played excellently; and the *Misses Williams* and the *Misses Pyne* once again reminded us how pleasant is the duet-singing of sisters, and how rich is England in limpid, tuneful female voices.—We also heard *Mlle. Vera*, for the first time this summer, singing with increase of confidence, and, as formerly, like an accomplished *artiste*.

Monday was a heavy day for the strongest and youngest critic,—including a *Matinée* by *M. Willner*—a *Soirée* by *Mlle. Forestier*—and, besides the grand performance at Exeter Hall, which we have fully reported, a *Beethoven Quartett* meeting. Yet foreigners are impertinent enough to talk of England as a Fool's Paradise of bad music! Some of the new arrivals are beginning, we suspect, to "realize," as the Americans say, the contrary;—from personal experience, to discover that London air may, or may not, be favourable to pretension,—that though the quality public may be amused by the Ethiopian Serenaders,—the qualified public understands and follows Mendelssohn.

On Monday evening, too, the *Amateur Society* gave a public concert for the benefit of the Irish Relief Fund, in the Opera Concert-room. Thus presenting itself, we may remark, without invasion of privacy, that the name ought hardly to be borne by a body of instrumentalists the leading players of which are professional. We are glad, with all our hearts, to observe any indications of co-operation, submission to discipline, assembling for the purposes of performing good music, &c. &c. among our dilettanti; but we are constrained to observe, that to make a show rather than to make progress is the object of the Society in question,—if we are to judge from appearances.

ORATORIO AT LEEDS.—We announced some weeks since that the performance of Mr. Jackson's Oratorio, 'The Deliverance of Israel,' was to take place on Whit-Tuesday. A correspondent has sent us the following account of the meeting: which is of too great musical interest to be withheld from our columns, even in their present crowded state.

"The Oratorio, 'The Deliverance of Israel,' by William Jackson, of Masham, was performed for the first time in the Music Hall, Leeds, on Tuesday week. The orchestra was composed mainly of Yorkshire performers; aided by Mr. J. A. Novello, of the London concerts. The result justified the favourable notices of the work given in the *Athenæum* (see ante, Nos. 895 and 928); and it will have the good effect of enabling the author to correct his composition in some parts, and to prune it of its occasional redundancies. Among the pieces most admired were, the opening chorus, 'O God, of Jacob,' without any orchestral accompaniment, which was very finely sung—as were the choruses throughout—the chorus which concludes the second part, 'Oh God! how terrible art thou!' the *aria*, 'Now dim the stars,' sung by Mr. L. Peace—and Mrs. Sunderland's two airs, 'No more on Jordan's banks we stray,' and, 'Shall we then behold?' The massive triumphal chorus which concludes the oratorio was given with great power, and

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which the enthusiasm of the audience,—which had never flagged throughout the evening—to the highest pitch. The chaste and elegant style in which Mr. Novello sang the parts allotted to him contributed much to the success of the performance. As a whole it was highly creditable to Mr. Jackson, whose opportunities of musical culture have been of the most limited kind; and to the choral strength of Yorkshire,—which, for the first time, had an opportunity of aiding in the performance of a work by a county-man."

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The fate of 'La Figlia del Reggimento' has been curious. Written for the *Opéra Comique*—poor Donizetti's first essay to meet Parisian taste—the work had no sufficient piquancy to establish itself on the French stage. Translated into Italian, it is given, from time to time, at the minor theatres, with about as much or as little success as 'Don Desiderio' or 'Don Procopio.' In Germany, not only has Mdle. Lind made it the rage, but the music is admired. Small wonder,—when in comedy the alternatives are the washy and characterless professions of Conradin Kreutzer, or Lortzing, or the less estimable 'Haimonskinder'! Here, *cognoscenti* are complaining of it as too slight, too much broken up by long recitatives (the inevitable consequence of translating a work in which the story was originally spoken), as beneath the dignity of a *prima donna*, &c. On our apprehension, if *opera buffa* is to be admitted at all, 'La Figlia' deserves more lenient treatment. It is true that, according to *opera buffa* custom, there is little dramatic individuality in the music given to the Regiment's Daughter,—that the exigencies of local colour are satisfied by the introduction of a *bravura* in the Tyrolean style. But a strain of lively, *gaillarde* melody runs through the work: and pious critics who would destroy it with tomahawk and sledge-hammer, and are for ever talking of 'Il Matrimonio' and of 'Le Nozze' (which latter is not comic but sentimental,) ought to be prepared with some alternative. There is nothing so easy as to parade Cynicism for Classicity. The idea of 'La Figlia' is just the thing for a French comic opera. The Daughter of the Regiment gives us the sentiment of a character and position of which 'the Widow of the Grand Army' gave us the face and M. de Vigny's 'Cachet Rouge' the tragedy. Neither is there any *speck* upon the story; which is more than we can say of most Gallic ware. The Flower of the Camp has too many fathers to have a lover among them; and, accordingly, forges for one on her own account with a pretty willfulness quite in character. How she turns out to be a lost child of high family—how she is claimed by her grand kindred—compelled to give up her 'choice'—to lay by her camp freedoms for castle gentilities—and exchange her 'rui-a-plan' tunes for more legitimate and stately *bravuras*—how (as always happens) the Woman at last gets the victory, to the point of melting a stony old relative into consenting to the marriage of the Regiment's Daughter with the Regiment's Son,—these passages, we say, make up as pretty a piece of operatic character and comedy as we wish to see, provided it be Mdle. Lind by whom they are presented. Stage art can go little further than hers in this performance. It is brilliant and blithe; carefully careful; *degaagé* without a touch of effrontery; full of feeling, yet not sickly by a sigh too much.

We have spoken of Mdle. Lind's acting first on this occasion, because her singing disappointed us. On Thursday, and again on Tuesday, her voice was fatigued, which implies loss of tone and tune;—her execution laboured rather than perfect. Signor Gardoni sings pleasantly as *Tonio*; but he leaves out his *cavatina*. Signor F. Lablache acts carefully as *Sulpizio*, the first favourite among *Maria's* regimental fathers; but he has hardly voice enough for the principal *basso* in an opera. The whole work goes in so slack and spiritless a fashion as to encourage the fault-finders and destroy its chance of keeping the stage here.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—'Il Barbiere' was performed at this theatre on Tuesday; Madame Persiani in the lesson scene embroidering 'Nel cor piu' with marvellous variations beyond the reach of any contemporary.—Madame Dorus-Dunais, perhaps, excepted; Signor Salvi singing the comic of *Count Almaviva* like one of the few who

still have the secret (but sadly disfigured—more's the pity—by a tasteless costume); and Signor Rovere playing *Don Bartolo*, Signor Marini *Don Basilio*, and Signor Ronconi *Figaro* in his best voice. This artist acts, when in the vein, as no other Italian save Lablache can. We are not reminded of his tragedy by his comedy. His *Barber* is as full of spirit, humour, *finesse* and by-play—without a touch of that scaramouch buffoonery which most have thrown into the character—as his *Chevreuse* was instinct with the tragedy of court life. The *encores* were many,—beginning with the overture; and the freshness of the opera, thus perfectly given, was attested by the hearty enjoyment of the audience.

HAYMARKET.—On Tuesday, a new farce entitled 'Who do they take me for?' was produced. The interest of it was centered in Mr. Hudson. He performed an Irishman, called *Terence O'Reilly*; who, being mistaken for an intended purchaser of the Hardacre estate by the dishonest steward, receives, much to his surprise, three thousand pounds as a consideration for not bidding at the auction. It is a poor affair.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The season closed on Wednesday with the revival of Mr. Lovell's clever play, 'The Provost of Bruges.' This, of modern dramas, is perhaps the best acting one; and told exceedingly well on a crowded house.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—On looking over the *memoranda* of the week, we are struck by the grotesque cast of our musical and dramatic gossip. Looked at with catholic eyes, even a collection of grotesques is not without a certain value. The materials for a school of Art may lie among the rude bead and birch-bark tapestries, the feather pictures, and the hideous carvings of the Museum. Just now, however, the appearance of monstrosities where worthy productions should be found,—the gleams of what is true and valuable in savage places, make a quaint mixture, in which there is as much discouragement as hope. In London, for instance, it is vexatious to record that the degrading fancy for persons disfigured by paint has gone to the length of a 'Black Opera' being absolutely advertised as among the pleasures of this year of famine. Here is another odd notice from the provinces. All the world knows that the Chapter on Burlesques which a comprehensive history of representative Art must contain would be indebted for some of its most curious examples to the undertakers of Benefit Performances. But the following—as transferred from a contemporary—must have been an absurdity of more than common "water":—"At the Queen's Theatre, in Manchester, on Monday, Mr. Wyndham took a benefit, at which a quintett of comic actors, including Messrs. Sloane and Wyndham, undertook the novelty of strutting through the part of *Richard III.*, one act of Shakespeare's tragedy being apportioned to each actor. At length the climax of the tragic farce arrived, Mr. Sloane dashing upon the stage. A very grave soliloquy was acknowledged by a roar of laughter. This was too much for the Hero. Hastily stepping to the front of the stage, and, with his well-trained tragic face, he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, pray don't think we are playing comically, for I assure you that we are playing tragedy as earnestly as we can. You'll oblige us much if you won't laugh.' The people again hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; and in a few moments afterwards the curtain fell amidst peals of laughter."

The recitation, by Mrs. Siddons, of Mr. Milman's verses on the 'Apollo,' in the presence of its author, at the foot of the statue itself, has been characterized as one of those remarkable combinations happening too rarely for Poet's content or Chronicle's enthusiasm. The great musicians have been but luckless. Handel went to his grave without any such delicious satisfactions. We doubt whether he ever heard a perfect execution of his 'Israel.' Beethoven, we know, had to sustain himself in the death-struggle upon the assurance that "no harm would happen to his music"—every circumstance of his life's last years conspiring to sink his hope. Mozart—owing, in part, to his own random thoughtlessness—was pillaged of honours and rewards. It is cheering from time to time to be allowed a glance at

the other side of the medal; such as was presented a day or two since, when we read in the foreign journals of an intention to produce the 'Antigone,' with Mendelssohn's choruses, at Athens. Apart from the interest of place, we are gratified because we believe that the composer is one who will number the entertainment of such a project (whatever be its execution) among his most gratifying rewards.

We hesitate to authenticate marvels on the authority of the French journals; so shall merely paraphrase a passage which we find in *La Gazette Musicale* with regard to the Opera—at Algiers! "The company," we are told, "has been recently enriched by an artist of a new kind—a young Arab; who, without having ever had any othersing-master than a regimental band-master, is already, report says, a tenor of the first order. He made his *début* in 'La Favorite.' Letters from Algiers speak with admiration of this young Arab; who has acted with so much passion and skill as to throw every one with him on the stage into the shade. * * His voice extends to the famous 'c in the chest,' without any effort." Odd enough would it be should this prove true, and not merely *ben trovato*: were the East to furnish its complement to the world of Art. We have already seen, and pointed out with interest, signs of regeneration in more than one little-esteemed corner of Europe. Are we now to begin among the Orientals?

Ere we have done with Music in unexpected places shall return home for a moment to offer a hearsay report of the success of Mr. Tully's opera at the Surrey Theatre. The *encores* have fallen to the lot of the ballads—and a madrigal pronounced by our contemporaries to be good and pleasing. Miss Rainforth is *prima donna*, Mr. Harrison the principal tenor. The orchestra and chorus are not kindly spoken of; but we hear, from more than one artist engaged, of the attention and enthusiasm of the audiences which crowd the theatre. It were well worth while to meet this by bestowing as much care as possible on the *ensemble*: since the English are beginning in this oddly-neglected matter: to distinguish betwixt good and evil.

And now for matters somewhat according to established order. The Whitsuntide Festival at Cologne has taken place. Luckily for the execution of the *solo* parts of the sacred music, Herr Pischek was caught and detained *en route* to England. The lady singers were Mdles. Babinig and Schloss. The Chevalier Spontini and Mr. Onslow were present.—In the absence of more important news from Germany, let us here mention that H.R.H. the Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg's 'Zaire,' has been given at Berlin—the journals say, with good success.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—May 24.—M. Goujon informed the Academy that he had calculated the elements of the comet discovered on the 7th inst. by M. Colla. He states that it was departing rapidly from the sun and the earth, and that probably no further observations could be made upon it.—A paper was received from M. Malapert, on the advantages to be derived from cauterization by chemical agents.—M. Bourdin made a communication on the hemostatic property of cotton. He recommends that the cotton should be cut into fragments and placed on the wound after it has been carefully sponged, before any more blood can flow.—A tabular account of the condition of the French establishments in Algeria was received from the Minister of War. Algeria, which is situated at the north of Africa, occupies the limit which separates the temperate from the hot climates. The year, the mean temperature of which differs little from that of the south of France and Spain, may be said to have only two seasons. The first, which is temperate, is comprised between the 1st of November and the 1st of June. In this interval, there are rains and a vigorous vegetation. The other portion of the year is hot and dry, and reminds one of the heats of the equinoctial zones; but the nights are cool, and there are frequently heavy dews. The towns, already numerous, which cover the surface of the country occupy the northern and southern slopes of the double chain of mountains (the great and little Atlas), which, extending from east to west, represents the general figure of the French possessions. The northern slope, the foot of which is

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